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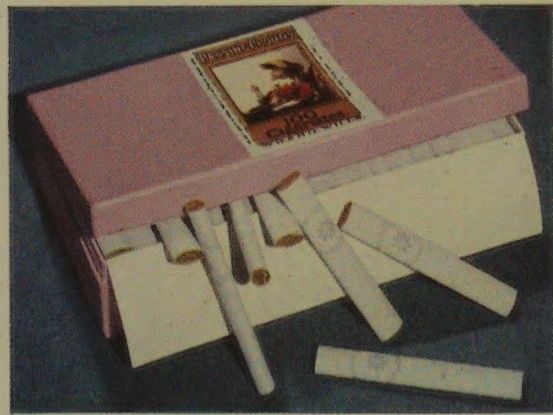


*A man—
his hobby—
and a very
personal cigarette*

HERE'S a man of originality—Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bart., lifetime amateur photographer who has recently made it his profession. You've probably admired the originality of his work in well-known magazines.

Sir Geoffrey is a noted collector of rare and beautiful objects. Here, in his lovely Hertfordshire home, is his collection of rare glass paper-weights, some over 100 years old.

Knowing his individual turn of mind, you won't be surprised when he offers you his very personal choice in cigarettes. Larger than usual, oval in shape though Virginian-flavoured, and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—the cigarettes in that unmistakable pink box.



20 for 4/6 100 for 22/6

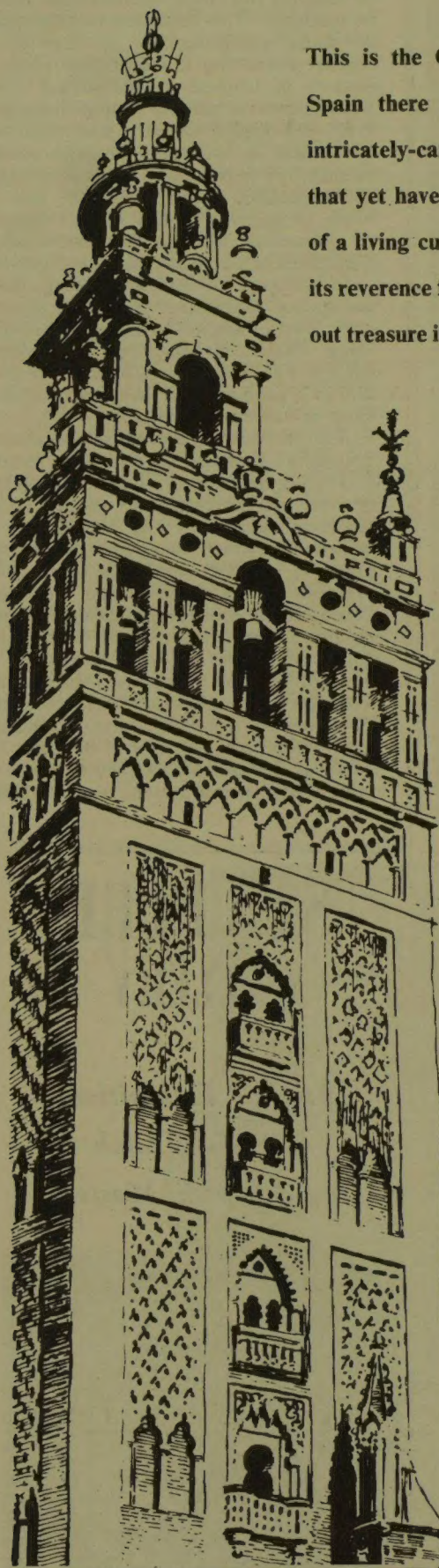
Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright is always happy to talk about his collection of glass paper-weights. "This is the mille fiori design," he says. "The hardest to track down have a single flower or butterfly. Once, you could buy them for a few shillings; now, they can sell for £200!" As he talks you can sense the firm streak of originality in his character. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'll say "rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll offer you "Passing Clouds."



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(You can dance in Lisbon under the light it brings).

This mighty cable went to Uganda.

(We used local timber to support the overhead lines).

*This mighty cable is 16 miles long.**

(No joints—a World record for submarine power cable).

This mighty cable stayed at home

and brings breadwinners from Southend to Liverpool Street.

What's in the morning mail?

A letter from Trivandrum with a query about cores.

Another from Reykjavik—something on the building laws.

A report from Birkirkara. Sheaves of notes from Singapore.

Here's an answer from Mombasa.

(That's one we're waiting for).

And, of course, this:

*Dear Sirs, I am interested in your scheme for
graduate apprentices . . . I should like to travel . . .*

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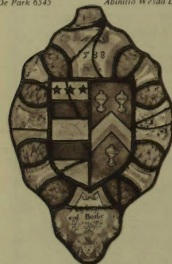
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Sale 31st May. One of a pair of Elizabeth I stained-glass panes originally from Solgrave Manor, bearing the arms of the Washington family. The property of Sir Sacheverell Sitwell, Esq.

Important May Sales

Tuesday, 7th.
Chinese pottery and porcelain, bronzes and works of art.
Thursday, 9th.
English and Foreign gold, silver and plate, including property from Petworth House, Sussex.
Tuesday, 14th.
Chelsea, Worcester and Welsh porcelain.
Wednesday, 15th.
Eighteenth-century and modern paintings and drawings.
Tuesday, 21st.
French porcelain, the property of W. J. Sainsbury, Esq.
Thursday, 23rd.
Jewels and Jewellery.
Friday, 24th.
Paperweights, carpets, tapestries, clocks and English furniture.
Tuesday, 28th.
Chinese porcelain, jades and hardstones.
Friday, 31st.
Tapestries, Oriental carpets, and signed French furniture.
Plain and illustrated catalogues available on request.



Peonies—Water-colour by Edward Burra

Size 28 x 42 ins.

STILL LIFE and FLOWER PAINTINGS

by

EDWARD BURRA

May 1st — June 1st, 1957

The Lefevre Gallery

30, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

AS more and more fine things go abroad or find a permanent home in public collections, it is not surprising one hears dealers complaining of the extreme difficulty of keeping up their accustomed standards of quality. The cessation of the export of anything worth looking at from China in recent years must make the position of dealers in Chinese works of art specially hazardous—or so one would imagine. In fact—although it would be absurd to suggest that there is anything like the variety of twenty-five years ago to be seen in London—the impression given by one or two recent visits to galleries is not one of famine but of reasonable abundance. After all, vast quantities of porcelain and other goods have been shipped to Europe during the past 200 or 300 years, and though, on the whole, great rarities are not to be found every other week, dealers do seem to be replenishing their stocks, not perhaps as they would wish, but in a manner fully sufficient for them to keep up their reputations.

A stroll round the oriental department at Spinks a week or so ago fully confirmed this judgment, and—as usual—produced one or two entertaining queries to which someone may have the answer. A large cloisonné enamel vase, over which sprawl dragons, gilt and appliqués to the surface, presents a nice little puzzle, and so does an enormous greeny-blue pale celadon bowl moulded beneath the glaze with a similar type of dragon—but in each case the upper band of dragons have three, the lower band five claws, the mark of the Imperial house. The Chinese, generally, have a meaning for everything they do, and it has been tentatively suggested that in each case the object might have been a present from the Emperor

to a person of lower rank. Each of these pieces was a fine thing of its kind, and so was a smoky-brown crystal vase with a pair of ring handles, numerous jade bowls, and two or three characteristically Chinese jade mountains, delightful things in any case, with their little figures and forest paths, but doubly engaging because of their Taoist folk-lore context.

The silver people register similar disappointment at the comparative paucity of the early pieces among which they all have been brought up. None the less, Garrards were able to display some notable pieces which should satisfy all but the most pernickety—3 James I spice-box, for example, in the shape of a shell, date 1612, a noble Monteith by Dighton of 1608, a silver-gilt two-handled vase and cover of 1740, by Peter Archambo, one of the best, and said to have been the favourite apprentice of the great Paul de Lamerie. Dighton was also responsible for a beautifully balanced plain chocolate-pot of 1706—the chocolate-pot, by the way, identical with the coffee-pot at this period in appearance, but distinguished from it by a small opening at the top of the lid, so that the chocolate could be inserted and the contents stirred without opening the lid fully.

The selection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings which have occupied the Reid and Lefevre Gallery during April are replaced during May by a series of water-colours—flowers and still-lives—by Edward Burra. Imagine something of the pleasure Velasquez took in bottles and baskets and fruit, translate that into water-colour technique, and one has some idea of this highly accomplished painter's present interests.

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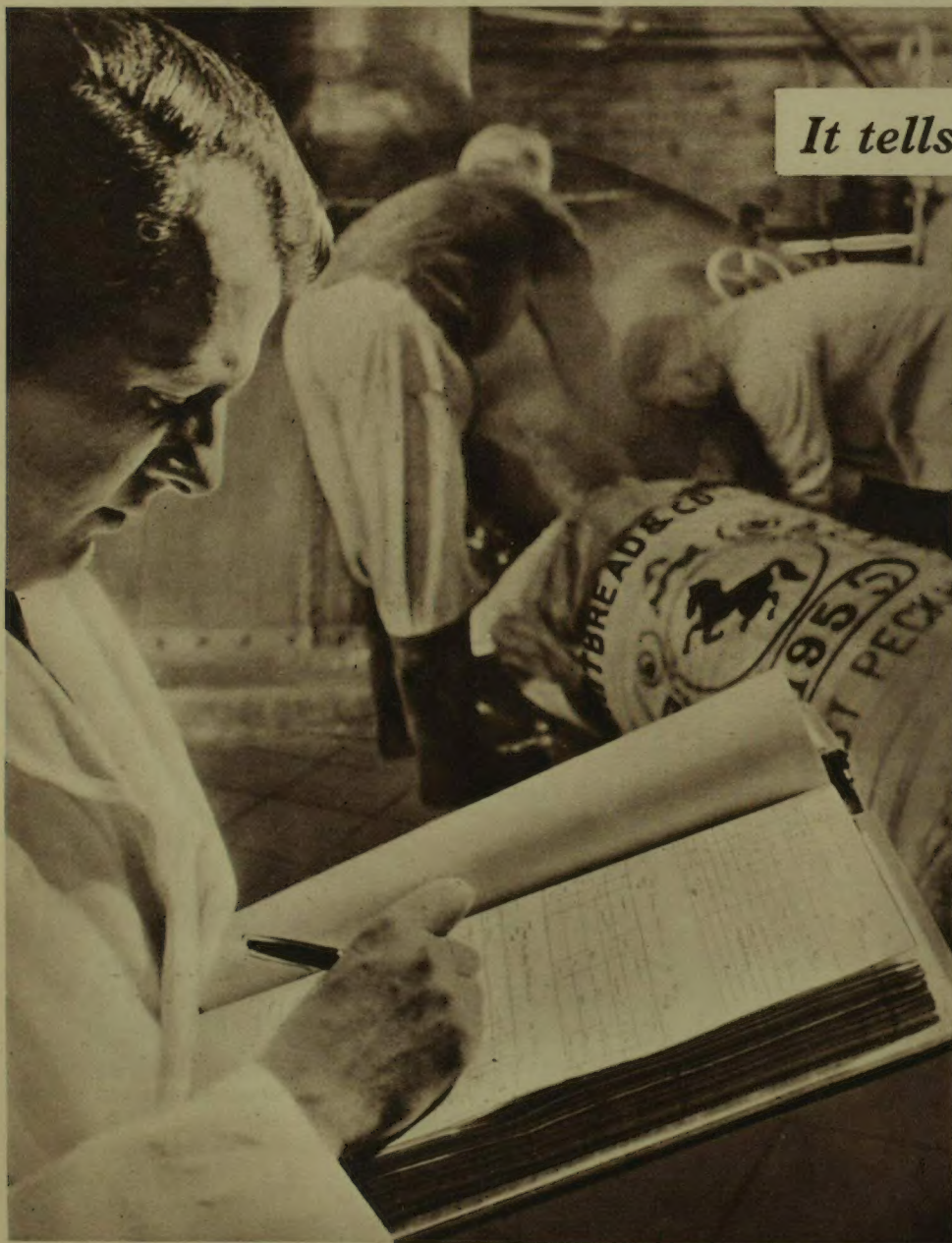
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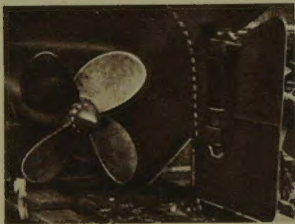
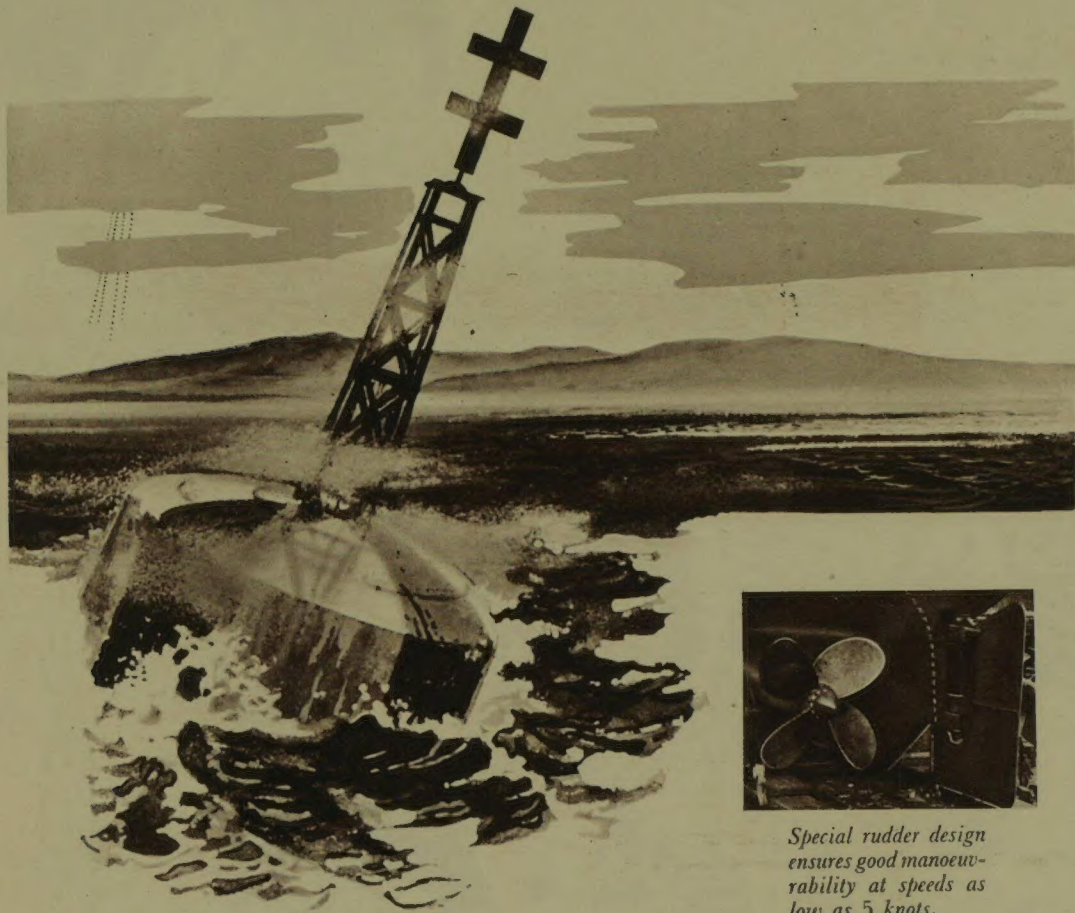
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1957.



AT THE CENTRE OF THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN JORDAN: THE YOUNG KING HUSSEIN.

At the beginning of this month the dangerous political crisis in Jordan came to a head with the enforced resignation of the Nabulsi Government. It was soon evident that King Hussein was meeting with great difficulties in his efforts to set up a Right Wing Government, which would be in agreement with his continued active share in the ruling of the country. On April 15 Dr. Hussein Khalidi formed a Cabinet, which included Suliman Nabulsi, the former Premier, as Foreign Minister. Meanwhile the crisis

had also developed on a military level, and though King Hussein continually praised the great loyalty of his army, there have been reports of dangerous clashes. The King dismissed his Chief of Staff, Major-General Nuwar, and appointed Major-General Hayari in his place. On April 17 King Hussein broadcast an appeal for unity—a vital need if Jordan is to stand up to her own critical situation in face of the current dangerous factors of Middle Eastern policy. [Portrait study by Fayer.]



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE lady who bundled into my already overcrowded taxi, asking cheerily, though a little anxiously, if I still had room for a little one, was obviously a person of knowledge and character. She settled her ample self down with infectious assurance, patted the younger woman by her side—a complete stranger to her—and called her “dearie” and addressed herself to me, the original charterer of this communal vehicle, as to her destination, which was a large popular emporium in the middle of London. She apparently kept a small store in the outer suburbs, and was on her way to secure that personal satisfaction on some matter of business that correspondence by post could not give. She seemed fully confident that she would receive it, and I have little doubt that she did. Indeed, I felt I was taking some part in the great business of this world of buying and selling by speeding her on her interrupted way, the more so as the interruption had been caused by that general disturber of business, Herr Hitler. Some aspiring German in the dark, knowing not what he did, dropped a bomb between her and her destination. It was my privilege to undo the damage that this unconscionable aviator had done.

Our new friend—for she was that almost before she had opened her mouth—expressed herself with some force, but also with great humour, on the contemptible activities of the enemy. What had to be, she said, had to be. Of course, they did a lot of damage, those bombs: made a nasty mess where they fell, and cruel hard on some people it was. Personally, she did not care—and here, watching her Chaucerian mouth wagging, I trembled, though needlessly, for the modesty of the typist at her side, at whom she gave a quick, motherly glance—well, anything for them. One could always get on somehow: now up, now down—life was like that. What she always did when things went wrong was boil herself a cup of tea: even if the gas was off, one could always do that with a few sticks, and there one was—better in a moment. And she looked out of the window at that passing London which was her joy and kingdom, and had she been the dome of St. Paul's she could not have been more proud and seemly to my English eyes. I could not help wishing that Hitler could encounter this jolly atom of English earth and spirit; remembering the far days when he also was poor and humble, he might have recognised his match in resolution.

There was a pause: a gentleman going to a Government office began fussing about the best stopping place for the last stage of his journey. Suddenly my stout lady of London spoke again, banishing all lesser thought and speculations. “My!” she said, “what an armistice it will be! Better than the last. The last ‘ll be nothing to it!” And at this her smile was like 500 bees at pasture: looking at her I could all but hear those triumphing sirens blowing down the sombre years before that far day of triumph, and see the lights blazing over the rejoicing London sky. “Yes, the last was a good ‘un,” she added. “Mere slip of a girl I was then. Not one of us where I worked was sober, not for twenty-four hours we weren't. Our boss, he stood us all champagne: bit of a lad he was, and liked the girls, too, mark you: not that we minded. We didn't mind anything! Not by half.” After this enigmatic reference to the past, she slipped for a moment into the pleasures

of reminiscence. “Nothing,” she added, “can ever take that away! I shall remember it till I die.”

Something in this good woman's courage, her love of life, her invincible cheeriness made me feel that in asking her to share my taxi I had unwittingly entertained angels. I asked her whether she found her retired suburban life quiet. “Yes,” she said, “it is quiet; but then”—with great cheerfulness—“I'm growing old. One feels different when one grows old.” Perhaps one does, I reflected, but it doesn't seem to make any difference; the flag remains flying just the same. For here, as though it had been the very rainbow, was the sign from Heaven that horror and waste and destruction could never break the spirit of my country or her great-hearted, battered, indomitable capital. Sometimes in the peaceful past I used to fear for London, fancying her degenerate, and see only the “great Wen” of Cobbett's

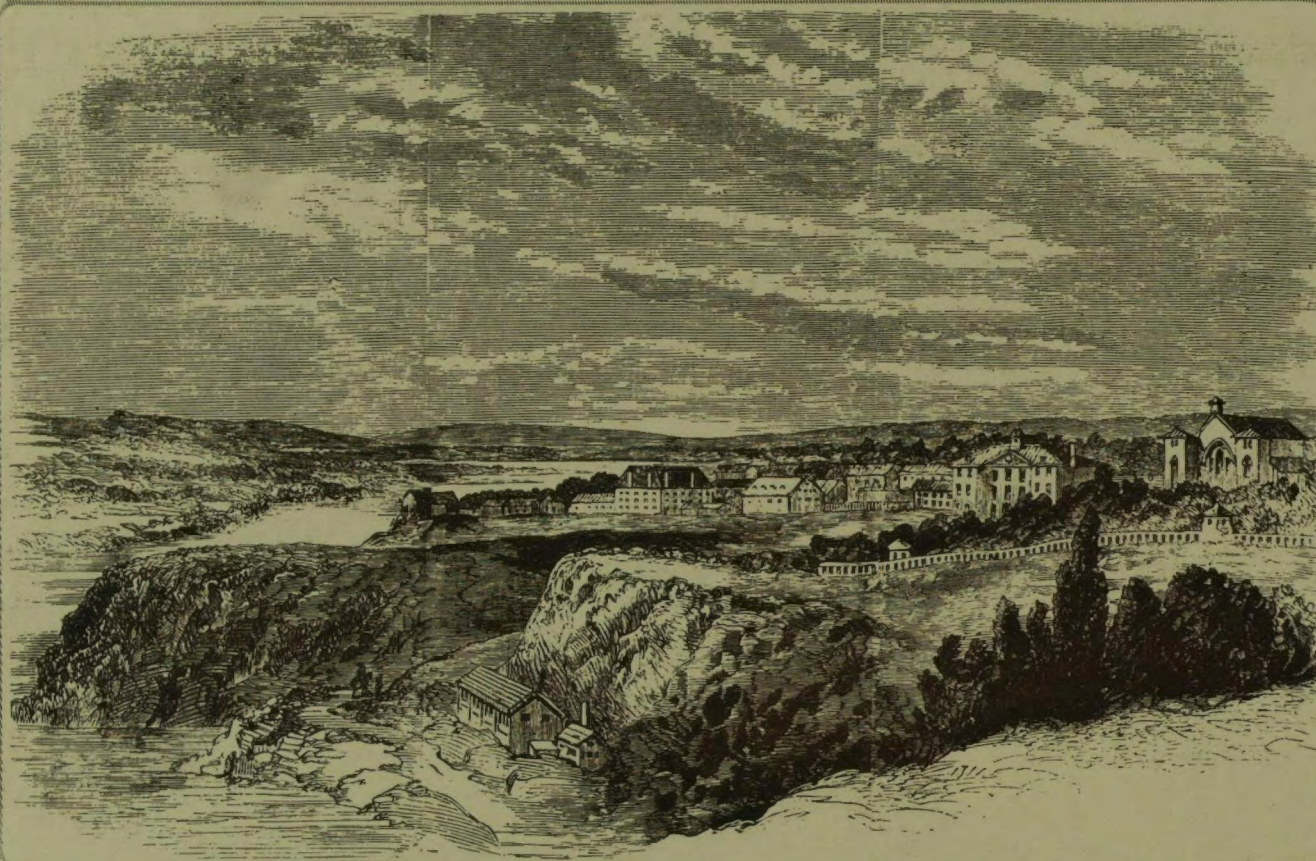
indignant yeoman phrase. She seemed to have grown so vast and struggling, to have been vulgarised and deprived of all indigenous character. But now I was shamed and proved utterly wrong; my poor imagination had never pictured the greatness of my own city or comprehended it. I knew now.

London pride! I remember seeing a play of that name during the last war, with Gerald du Maurier, unless my memory plays me false, taking the part of a coster. But it was not of this that my fellow traveller reminded me, but of Marie Lloyd, than whom no greater-hearted Englishwoman ever lived. Towards the end of her life she used to sing a song about a blear, vinous-eyed old female who got lost, not for the first time, while following the van in which her husband was removing their slender household goods:

My old man said follow the van
And don't dilly dally on the way!
Off went the cart with the home packed in it,
I walked behind with my old cock linnet,
But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied,
Lost the van and don't know where to roam.
I stopped on the way to have the old half-quartern,
And I can't find my way home.

Somehow this expression of the inner soul of the Cockney poor—of a great people who had long lost everything but its cheerfulness and courage—took precedence of every other thought and rhythm as I drove that day opposite my new friend along the interminable drab London streets, with the occasional patches of pathetic matchwood marking the attempts of the Third Reich to breach the spirit of the English people. And I remembered other expressions of England's indomitable spirit—of Hampstead Heath and Hackney Marshes (where they exploded the great bomb from St. Paul's) on Bank Holidays, of costers in all their pride of pearls and feathers, of frolicsome young people singing and dancing and old parties with bottles of stout and jests for every passer-by, of something that was older and stronger and more communal than all the *volk* pride and strident unity of all the Nazis. And I knew that a people who had lived through the long shades of the industrial revolution and endured the rigours of the nineteenth-century labour system and the slum and the shadow of the workhouse and still retained its spirit and gaiety and love of life was a harder nut to crack than anything even Hitler's iron philosophy ever dreamed of.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND SOME QUOTATIONS FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF APRIL 25, 1857.



OTTAWA, THE PROPOSED NEW SEAT OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT: A VIEW FROM THE BARRACK-HILL, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER, FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HENDERSON, THE WELL-KNOWN PAINTER.

“The people of Canada, as our readers are aware, have been much divided for some time past with regard to the choice of a seat for the Government of that colony. On the 24th ult. the House of Assembly agreed to (an) address to her Majesty. . . . This Address ended with the words . . . “And we humbly pray your Majesty to be graciously pleased to exercise the Royal prerogative by the selection of some one place as the permanent seat of Government in Canada.” The *Illustrated London News* went on to say: “Most people seem to think that this is after all the best way to settle the dispute. . . . A Correspondent of *The Times* argues in favour of Ottawa as the new metropolis of the Canadas. He points out its excellent situation in a military point of view, and also its position as the future centre of a thickly-populated country.” A quotation was also given from the work of a Mr. Murray which “states the advantages of Bytown, now called Ottawa, as the permanent seat of government.” Mr. Murray wrote: “Nature seems to have marked out Bytown for a Canadian metropolis. In short, were I a prophet, instead of a traveller, I should boldly predict that such it must be some day if Canada remained united and independent.”



A HISTORIC ROYAL MAUNDY: HER MAJESTY AT ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY ON APRIL 18, WHEN THE MAUNDY MONEY WAS DISTRIBUTED THERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY.

On April 18, Maundy Thursday, her Majesty the Queen distributed the Royal Maundy at St. Alban's Abbey, Hertfordshire. This annual distribution of Maundy money to as many old men and old women as the Sovereign is years of age normally takes place at Westminster Abbey, but there is no rule that it must do so; and in 1953 the distribution was made at St. Paul's, as the Abbey was being prepared for the Coronation ceremony, and in 1955 in Southwark Cathedral to mark the jubilee of Southwark diocese. This is, however, the first time in history that the Royal Maundy has been held at St. Alban's and the first time since the reign of Charles II that the distribution has been made personally by the Sovereign outside London. The Bishop of St. Alban's, Dr. Gresford Jones, is also the Lord High Almoner, and in that office took part in the ceremony. Thirty-one men and thirty-one women chosen from the diocese of St. Alban's were the recipients; and they received the Maundy

in two parts: in the first part each woman received in a green purse £1 5s. in lieu of clothing and each man £2 5s. in lieu of clothing; and at the second distribution each received a red purse containing £1, representing part of the Maundy and 30s., an allowance in lieu of provisions, and a white purse containing 31 pence of specially minted silver—the number of the Queen's years of age. Our photograph shows the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh after the ceremony bearing the posies of flowers which are the traditional protection against infection, with the Bishop of St. Alban's (right), other clergy and officials, members of the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard and children representing the recipients of the Royal Maundy. On their arrival at the West Door before the ceremony the Queen and the Duke were met by the Mayor of St. Alban's, Lord Verulam, and by the Dean, the Very Rev. A. K. Mathews. Admission to the Abbey was by ticket only.

THE ROVING CAMERA IN ENGLAND: RECENT EVENTS AND OCCASIONS OF NOTE.



ON HER WAY TO INVESTIGATE COMPLAINTS OF "SABOTAGE" BY RUSSIAN FISHERMEN OFF NORWAY: H.M.S. *BRAMBLE*.

H.M.S. *Bramble*, of the Navy's fishery protection squadron, left Chatham on April 17 to investigate complaints by British skippers that their nets had been interfered with by members of a Russian fishing fleet off Norway.



NOW ON EXHIBITION TO THE PUBLIC AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: THE LATE SAXON SWORD FOUND DURING EXCAVATIONS AT THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER IN 1948.



AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON IN *GOLFITO*: THE WEST INDIES CRICKET TEAM WHO WILL TOUR ENGLAND THIS SUMMER.

On April 14, fifteen members of the West Indies team arrived at Southampton. Above, back row, are l. to r., C. L. Walcott (vice-captain), T. Dewdney, J. H. Goddard (captain), W. Hall, G. Sobers, D. Atkinson, E. Weekes, A. L. Valentine. Front row: R. Kanhai, R. Gilchrist, N. Asgarali, C. Smith, B. Pairaudeau, G. Alexander and A. Ganteaume.



AT THE MANSION HOUSE ON APRIL 16: KING GUSTAF (R.) WITH THE LORD MAYOR AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE LINNEAN SOCIETY, BURLINGTON HOUSE, ON APRIL 17: KING GUSTAF OF SWEDEN.

King Gustaf of Sweden, who is paying a private visit to London, presided on April 16 at a dinner at the Mansion House, held to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce for the United Kingdom. The Duke of Edinburgh attended the dinner.



RECEIVING HIS BADGE OF OFFICE FROM HIS PREDECESSOR: MR. R. MCKINNON WOOD, NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C.

On April 16 Mr. R. McKinnon Wood was elected Chairman of the London County Council for 1957-58, in succession to Mrs. Helen C. Bentwich. Mr. McKinnon Wood has been a member of the Council since 1946.



SAFE AND ECONOMICAL TO BUILD AND FLY: THE NEW MILES *HDM* 105 TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT WHICH CAN OPERATE FROM VERY SMALL AIRSTRIPS.

This new transport aircraft, which will cost about £25,000 to build, has been developed by the Miles family and will be built in co-operation with a French firm. The wings have been designed by M. Marcel Hurel, and will assist in making the aircraft, which can carry either sixteen passengers or 1½ tons of freight, very economical to operate.



AT THE R.A.C. DIAMOND JUBILEE EXHIBITION: MR. AND MRS. TERENCE CUNEO (LEFT) SEEN BESIDE ONE OF MR. CUNEO'S PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION. As part of their Diamond Jubilee celebrations the R.A.C. have arranged an exhibition "The Age of the Motor Car," which illustrates the history of motoring from its earliest days to the present. The exhibition continues at the Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, until May 4, and will then go on a provincial tour for the remainder of this year.

HELPING WITH THE POLO PONIES: PRINCESS ANNE AS A FEARLESS "GROOM."



DUCKING BENEATH THE HEAD OF A PONY: PRINCESS ANNE, WHO MADE HERSELF USEFUL WHILE HER FATHER PLAYED IN A PRACTICE MATCH.



WAITING FOR THE END OF THE CHUKKA: PRINCESS ANNE HOLDING ONE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S POLO PONIES AT WINDSOR.



WITH A POLO STICK IN ONE HAND: PRINCESS ANNE LEADING ONE OF HER FATHER'S PONIES ON TO THE FIELD IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

When the Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Cornwall went to watch the Duke of Edinburgh playing in a Household Brigade Polo Club's practice match in Windsor Great Park before Easter, Princess Anne thoroughly enjoyed herself while acting as a "groom" for her father. She held his



COMPLETELY HAPPY AND TOTALLY FEARLESS: THE YOUNG PRINCESS ADJUSTING THE STRAPS OF A FETLOCK GUARD ON HER FATHER'S POLO PONY.

pony and polo stick while he mounted, adjusted a fetlock strap on another pony, and led his fresh pony on to the field for him. The young Princess obviously loved every moment, and showed herself to be as fond of horses, and as totally unafraid of them, as the Queen was at the same age.

A STORM which I have long expected, and which has surprised me only because it did not appear sooner, has now blown up in the German Federal Republic. The clouds which heralded it banked up after the first major military manoeuvres in which tactical atomic weapons were simulated. At that time intelligent German newspaper correspondents went pretty deeply into a subject which is still almost unknown to the general public over here. They worked out what would have been the effect of these weapons if real ones had been used instead of dummies. Their conclusions were startling and caused uneasiness. There the matter rested, however—at least on the surface—until this month.

A group of atomic scientists in Germany issued a statement in which they emphasized the devastating effect of these weapons. At the same time they announced that they themselves would refuse to take part in the production or investigation of any form of atomic weapon. Their statement was, on the face of it, surprising because atomic weapons are in any case forbidden to Germany under the Paris treaties—and it seems clear that France would not have agreed to them had this not been the case. It now appears possible to German observers that this prohibition is now no longer in force. If the scientists are aware

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

WEST GERMANY AND ATOMIC WEAPONS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

that Western Germany should have "the most modern weapons." He seemed completely confident that he would meet little difficulty in obtaining them. He reproached the scientists for not addressing their appeal to all the world, including Soviet Russia, if they had to speak. He told them that by limiting its application to Western Germany they had done the country no good service. He went so far as to say that Russia was preparing for an attack on the United States.

The Göttingen scientists assert that the tactical atomic weapons, which the world is soothingly told by some experts are a means of avoiding extremes in war, are, in fact, not very different in effect from the original atomic bombs which were dropped over Japan. Their individual effect may be less terrible, but their multiplication will do away with any advantages to be derived from that feature. This consideration comes with striking effect to the minds of the people of Western Germany because they know that if any

megaton bomb, but the most direct reason for their production was not so much that the megaton bomb was too ghastly as that it was unsuitably big for land warfare. It was sought to give the soldier a kind of atomic weapon which would not be. Impetus was added to the development of such a weapon in various

forms when exercises with and without troops gave the impression that it favoured the defensive rather than the offensive. That appealed to the numerically weaker side.

Unwelcome though the conclusion is, I have come to feel that the real distinction lies between nuclear and atomic weapons of all sorts and conventional weapons, and not between strategic and tactical atomic weapons. If I am right—and my view, so far as I can see, accords with the infinitely more important and instructed opinions of the N.A.T.O. commanders—then most of the arguments advanced in favour of tactical atomic weapons as a relatively humane means of waging war fall to the ground. It gives me no pleasure to come to such a conclusion, tentative though it must be. In no case, however, does it mean that tactical atomic weapons are useless.

Some of the military students to whom I have alluded have argued that unless *their* distinction is correct it is waste of resources to produce these



AN IMPORTANT FUTURE ADDITION TO THE ROYAL NAVY: ONE OF THE *TIGER* CLASS CRUISERS (9550 TONS) WHICH ARE AT PRESENT UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

In the Defence White Paper published on April 4 it was announced that cruisers in the active fleet will be reduced and, in due course, replaced by the *Tiger* class cruisers, which are at present under construction. There are three ships in this class, *Tiger*, *Blake* and *Defence*,

and among their most important characteristics are their 6-in. and 3-in. gun turrets which have a very fast rate of fire. The three new cruisers were laid down as long ago as 1941 to 1942 and are expected to be completed within the next two years.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by C. W. E. Richardson.

of any such development, the reason for their action at the present time is obvious.

The affair has aroused political passions. The Chancellor was evidently astonished by the scientists' action and his first reaction was an angry one. He virtually accused the scientists of an attempt to undermine his own position of responsibility for German policy. Whether or not the Federal Republic was to possess atomic weapons, he said, was a military and political consideration, unconnected with science. In turn his tone—and he can be a very angry man at times—was strongly criticised. He was accused of assuming an authoritarian attitude and declared to be unfit to stand at the head of the Government. No doubt his most serious grievance against the scientists was that they had not consulted him in advance or submitted their views to him, but in any case these were clearly in conflict with his own.

On April 13, in the friendly atmosphere of a meeting of his own party, Dr. Adenauer was in a relaxed mood. To prove how little he was a warmonger, he stated that he favoured the proposal before the United Nations Disarmament Sub-Committee for the transfer of all nuclear production to peaceful uses within a year from now. Yet he made quite clear his determination

sort of land warfare occurred it would be on their soil. This is the background against which the Göttingen manifesto must be regarded and why it assumes an importance which a similar announcement would not have had in other lands.

It is an interesting comment on the opinions and advocacy of a school of thought which has become prominent in this country. It regards the tactical atomic weapon as to a great extent "selective," and argues that it is actually a safeguard against the use of the megaton bomb. I profoundly sympathise with every attempt to render that less likely, but I have always felt doubtful whether these students of war are on the right track. Such evidence as I possess is that these secondary weapons—labelled "small" by *The Times*, to my mind altogether irrationally—would produce ghastly devastation unless they were employed in a manner very different from that in which it is apparently proposed to use them. I am told they would still be effective if such a change were made.

"Small" will not do. "Tactical" makes sense because it is an accurate description of the objects at least of these new weapons. When they were developed in the United States someone may have reflected that they would constitute a less deadly threat to civilisation than the

weapons at all. I have already pointed out the reasons for which they have been evolved. These, in my opinion, still hold good. Nor does it appear logical to conclude that Chancellor Adenauer is anything but right in his argument that unless Western Germany is armed with them she will be a weak instead of a strong partner in N.A.T.O. defence. Manufacturing them would be another affair. It would be ill-received in France and probably in other quarters. The Chancellor did not allude to any such project, but his Defence Minister has declared that it does not exist.

I have written more than once of the possibility of a convention, resembling the limitations of the Korean War, that wars short of world wars should be fought with tactical atomic weapons as the maximum. This would certainly be desirable from several points of view. It would, however, prove a dangerous delusion to bank on its possibility if that had no strong foundation. If the disarmament conferences continue to be unavailing, the probabilities seem to be that the major and the secondary weapons will also continue to be produced by both sides and regarded as variations of the same weapon. If so, both will provide part of the deterrent by virtue of which we survive so precariously. This is a shocking state of affairs but not by a long way a hopeless one.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



JORDAN. ARRIVING TO ATTEND THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW CABINET IN AMMAN ON APRIL 17: KING HUSSEIN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRIME MINISTER, DR. KHALIDI.



JORDAN. ASSURING THE YOUNG KING OF HIS LOYALTY: A SHEIKH GREETING KING HUSSEIN, WHO WAS ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED BY MANY TRIBAL LEADERS. April 17 saw the lifting of some of the tension which had been evident in Amman, the capital of Jordan, since the beginning of the political crisis. Outside his palace King Hussein was received with great enthusiasm by tribal chiefs and members of the Army, before attending the first Cabinet meeting.



PARIS. A RESULT OF THE FRENCH TRANSPORT STRIKE: A TREMENDOUS TRAFFIC JAM OF PRIVATE CARS AND OTHER VEHICLES IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE ON APRIL 17. The 48-hour French railway strike, which began at midnight on April 16, quickly spread to other sectors of the public transport system in France. As a result, workers in Paris and other cities were hard put to it to get to their offices, and the increased private traffic caused tremendous jams in Paris.



INDIA. DURING THE MEETING OF THE INDIAN COUNCIL OF WORLD AFFAIRS: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN, M.P., TALKING WITH MR. KRISHNA MENON (RIGHT). After three days in Kashmir, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., reached Delhi on April 8. At New Delhi, Mr. Bevan addressed the Indian Council of World Affairs, at which Mr. Menon presided. Mr. Bevan later visited Pakistan.



EAST BERLIN. AFTER WINNING THE BATTLE "ACCORDING TO PLAN": MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNIST WORKERS' MILITIA WHO CRUSHED A MOCK REBELLION. Some 5000 East Berlin workers and Government employees staged a five-hour mock battle against "counter-revolutionaries" in East Berlin on April 13. With the help of light armoured police cars and motor-cycle units, the fighting groups won the battle "according to plan."



EAST BERLIN. AFTER THE MOCK REVOLUTION: RECONNAISSANCE CARS OF THE EAST GERMAN PEOPLE'S POLICE WHICH CLEARED UP "NESTS OF RESISTANCE."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. IN THE HEART OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA: THE GRAVEYARD OF BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WHERE POCAHONTAS WAS PROBABLY BAPTISED.

The Jamestown Festival which, as reported in earlier issues, opened on April 1, commemorates the 350th anniversary of the founding of the first permanent British settlement in the New World. This district around the mouth of the James River is exceptionally rich in colonial



THE OPENING OF THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL, WITH UNITED STATES SOLDIERS IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY UNIFORMS MARCHING TO PRESENT THE COLOURS.



THE OLDEST COMPLETE SURVIVING CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES: ST. LUKE'S CHURCH AT SMITHFIELD, ON THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE JAMES RIVER.

remains and traditions; and we show here the Smithfield church, which is the oldest complete surviving church in the U.S.A.; and the graveyard of Bruton Church, Williamsburg, completed in 1715 and recently restored. [Photographs by Raleigh Trevelyan.]



GREECE. WELCOMED BY CHURCH DIGNITARIES AT HELLENIKON AIRPORT: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (RIGHT CENTRE) ON HIS ARRIVAL FROM NAIROBI ON APRIL 17.



GREECE. IN AN OPEN CAR: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (HOLDING FLOWERS) DURING HIS STATE DRIVE FROM HELLENIKON AIRPORT TO ATHENS.

Archbishop Makarios was given a tremendous welcome on April 17, when he arrived in Athens from Nairobi. At the airport he was greeted by Archbishop Dorotheos, the Greek Primate, and members of the Ethnarchy. In his first public speech in Athens the Archbishop, released by the British from his exile in the Seychelles, spoke of the Cypriots' irrevocable resolve "to shake off the British yoke."



WEST GERMANY. IN THE FIELD TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE WATERLOO: A GERMAN (LEFT) AND A BRITISH SOLDIER, IN THE FIRST BRITISH-GERMAN COMBINED MANŒUVRES—NEAR ESSEN ON APRIL 12.



BELGIUM. HUNGARIAN ATHLETES IN EXILE MARRIED: SANDOR IHAROS (CENTRE), THE FAMOUS DISTANCE RUNNER, WITH HIS BRIDE, THE JAVELIN THROWER ILONA LACZO, AT THEIR WEDDING IN BRUSSELS ON APRIL 13.



ITALY. AN UNDERWATER DEMONSTRATION AT MILAN FAIR, WHERE A LARGE WATER-FILLED GLASS TANK SERVES FOR DIVERS TO DEMONSTRATE BREATHING EQUIPMENT AND THE LIKE TO VISITORS AT THE FAIR.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



CENTRAL ITALY. THE SHRINKING SHORES OF LAKE TRASIMENO—WHERE HANNIBAL DEFEATED FLAMINIUS IN 217 B.C.—WITH FRUIT TREES GROWING ON THE FORMER LAKE-BED.



LOOKING FROM THE QUAYSIDE OF SANT' ARCANGELO, SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH LEFT, DOWN THE CHANNEL BY WHICH BOATS NOW REACH THE LAKE.



WHERE THE WATERS RECEDE, NEW AITS AND FRESH REED-BEDS APPEAR, AND THE SAN FELICIANO WHARF (RIGHT) RISES FROM A FEW INCHES OF WATER: LAKE TRASIMENO.



A LIDO LEFT BEHIND . . . A BATHING BEACH AND ORNAMENTAL BRIDGE AT LIDO DI PASSIGNANO DESERTED BY THE WATERS OF WASTING LAKE TRASIMENO.



A TRASIMENO FISHERMAN, TURNED FARMER, POINTS TO THE POST WHERE ONCE HE MOORED HIS BOAT—NOW A SUPPORT FOR REED STACKS.

Over 2000 years ago Lake Trasimeno was the scene of one of Rome's most crushing defeats, when Hannibal's Carthaginians massacred the legions of Flaminius. More recently it was the anchor of a formidable German defensive line which the Eighth Army broke on June 27, 1944. During the last ten years, however, its most remarkable feature has been

the increase in the rate at which it is shrinking; and, indeed, its depth is said to have diminished by some 7½ ft. since 1947. Its shores are becoming farmland or swamps, its quays and bathing beaches are being left high and dry; and its fishermen—for it is said to be Italy's richest lake in fish—have to dredge long channels for their boats to reach the waters.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



WEST GERMANY. LAUNCHED ON THE KIEL CANAL ON APRIL 11: THE 4500-TON OIL-DRILLING BARGE *ADMA ENTERPRISE* BUILT FOR THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY.

Since its launching at Schacht-Audorf, near Rendsberg, on the Kiel Canal, the oil-drilling barge *Adma Enterprise* has been undergoing trials in the North Sea. She will eventually be towed to the Persian Gulf, where a drilling tower and a helicopter landing platform are to be fitted. Fifty men can live on board the barge.



ABOVE THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE. THE NEW AREND-ROLAND COMET, EXPECTED TO BE SEEN OVER ENGLAND THIS MONTH, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM MT. PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA.

The new comet, discovered last November by the Belgian astronomers Arend and Roland, was expected to be visible in Great Britain from April 17 onwards into the first week in May, first at about dawn and later after sunset and from April 24 throughout the night. Its visibility would naturally depend largely on the length and brilliance of its tail.



EGYPT. ONE OF THE FIRST VESSELS OF OVER 10,000 TONS TO USE THE SUEZ CANAL SINCE NOVEMBER: THE ITALIAN TANKER *FINA CANADA*, OF 20,700 TONS.

Following the removal of the last obstacle from the Suez Canal, the sunken frigate *Abukir*, the waterway once again came into use for ships of over 10,000 tons. On April 9 the 20,700-ton Italian tanker *Fina Canada*, and on April 10 the 12,839-ton Italian liner *Oceania* entered the Canal.



WEST GERMANY. A STRIKING PATTERN OF SLEEP: FLAMINGOES AT THE FRANKFURT ZOO. TWO ARE BALANCED EACH ON A SINGLE STILT-LIKE LEG—THE THIRD RESTS ON THE GROUND.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. THE U.S. CARRIER *ENTERPRISE* (19,600 TONS), EN ROUTE FOR THE SCRAPYARD. THERE IS SOME POSSIBILITY OF HER CONVERSION INTO A PERMANENT WAR MEMORIAL.



EGYPT. THE FIRST PASSENGER SHIP THROUGH THE CANAL SINCE IT WAS BLOCKED: THE 12,839-TON ITALIAN LINER *OCEANIA* PASSING THE WRECKED EL FERDAN BRIDGE.

STRANGE THEATRICAL PERSONAGES AND OCCASIONS.

"THE NIGHT HAS BEEN UNRULY": By J. C. TREWIN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

NOT all dramatic critics are interested in the history of the theatre as such, though the theatre is a livelier place to those who are interested in all aspects of its past, and not only in the quality of plays old and new and in the acting of contemporary players. Mr. Trewin is an exception. His judgments as a practising critic are sound enough and he can express them with felicity, but his curiosity about and knowledge of all sorts of striking personalities, great occasions, and fantastic episodes from earlier centuries are such that, were there such a thing as a Chair of Theatrical History, he would be perfectly equipped to fill it.

The last book of his which I read was a remarkably thorough and unusually vivid account of the life, personal and professional, of Macready, of whose appearance and histrionic manners he, by the dexterous use of old records, contrived to give as lively an impression as though he had himself seen him act, which he no more could have done than he could have seen Garrick.

I suppose the name Garrick came promptly to my pen because the first of the sixteen chapters in this fascinating new miscellany of odd theatrical personages and occasions is devoted to the strangest, saddest and funniest "flop" in the career of one who, as a rule, sailed easily from triumph to triumph. The event, like several others in this diverting list, will doubtless be familiar to many of Mr. Trewin's more experienced readers; but some such stories can bear retelling indefinitely if told racily, especially if the narrator renews his acquaintance with original sources. It was what was called "The Garrick Jubilee" at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1769.

It was five years after the bi-centenary of Shakespeare's birth, and happened accidentally. The Corporation of Stratford wanted a bust of Shakespeare for a niche outside their new Town Hall. "The idea began with a Stratford innkeeper who was much more of a Shakespearean than many of his fellows. He knew the scholar George Steevens, suggested Steevens (with a hint of malice), would probably be generous if he had the right temptation. The Council understood. Nothing simpler: Garrick must have the freedom of the borough. Hearing unofficially that the idea appealed to him... the Council went on."

It is usual when presenting a freedom to enclose the scroll in a box. The Council of Stratford hadn't to bother itself about gold and enamel or even silver. There was a more obvious and, in a way, more precious material available, and certainly one which would appeal to the romantic side of David Garrick. Until a few years before, there had stood in the garden of New Place, Shakespeare's house, a mulberry tree, reputedly planted by Shakespeare himself. The house, at that time, was owned by an irascible clergyman, called Gastrell, whom much later Rossetti denounced in a sonnet for his base iconoclasm. This man, utterly exasperated by the visits of Bardolaters who would cut chips from the tree, chopped it down (as later he destroyed the house itself, because of a dispute about rates) and sold the wood to a watchmaker Sharp, who thenceforward lived on small articles made from it, as though it were the widow's inexhaustible cruse of oil or Chaucer's Pardoner's pack of relics which were "pigg's bones." Obviously a neat chest made from Shakespeare's own tree was the thing for Garrick. So it was ordered: "Upon the front Fame held a Shakespeare bust, the Three Graces crowning it with laurel, and upon the ends were figures symbolic of Tragedy and Comedy. Garrick, as Lear in the Storm Scene, was carved on the back."

What actor, or what ordinary man, could resist that? "Why not," wrote Garrick, "a festival, a Jubilee, an elaborate commemoration of Shakespeare by the Avon itself?" "Nothing," Garrick thought, would look better or be more serviceable than a wooden copy of the Rotunda... London's octagonal and modish pleasure dome." It was duly built on Avon's bank after many trees (not mulberries) had been cut down. Carriages swarmed into the town; cannon were ranged for salvos; fireworks were laid on—though neither Garrick nor anybody else seems to have thought of producing a Shakespeare play in honour of Shakespeare's memory. "On the night of Tuesday, September 5th, when—as a guest of the Mayor—Garrick went comfortably to bed, he could not think of anything reasonably left undone."

"As he woke at daybreak next morning, that of Wednesday, September 6, Garrick heard the sound of cannon upon the Bank Croft booming into the cold September air. It was five o'clock. Already serenaders from Drury Lane, fantastics in period costume ('in disguise,' said Boswell), had begun the Jubilee with song. To the notes of guitars,

ball was beginning. "It was a wild picture after dark, lanterns weaving and dancing like agonised fire-flies in a steamy mist, duck-boards slapped out across the mud-pie of the meadow, carriages in lurch and splash through the pools, glutinous mud flung from their wheels, and everywhere this Jubilee rain." James Boswell made a strange appearance there, dressed as a Corsican Patriot, his rôle at the time. If Shakespeare was also there, it must have been as a spirit aloft murmuring: "For the rain it raineth every day."

From this disaster Mr. Trewin proceeds to a straight fraud, a fraud which took many people in. A youth named Ireland, whose father was an antique bookseller, came to the conclusion that Shakespeare manuscripts were "in short supply," successfully forged a variety of documents, and at last produced, on ancient paper, an unknown play by Shakespeare called "Vortigern," which Sheridan, without reading it, committed himself to produce, and modestly to pay for, at Drury Lane. Credulity was not universal. "There was incessant argument and circumlocution. Mrs. Siddons resigned her part. She had been unwise to accept it at first, for, nearly a month earlier, she had written to her friend, Mrs. Piozzi: 'All sensible persons are convinced that "Vortigern" is a most audacious impostor. If he be not, I can only say that Shakespeare's writings are more unequal than those of any man.'" The play was put on, nevertheless. But the audience awaited its chance of derision. "The line, 'And when this solemn mockery is ended,' was the climax. The audience opened wide its hideous jaws and clapped its rattling fingers to its sides. Then, in a roar of derision that lasted nearly ten minutes, it wrapped 'Vortigern' and Ireland-Shakespeare in the cloak of lasting night."

Mr. Trewin proceeds to a fresh and invigorating account of Master Betty, the "Infant Roscius," and the astonishing G. F. Cooke, and then to another ghastly failure, that of Charles Lamb's one play "Mr. H." on which the most enchanting of essayists and dearest of men had pinned great hopes. The whole plot was that Mr. H.'s real name, not divulged until the end, was Hogsflesh; it wasn't enough. Amongst other episodes described are the failure of Henry James's "Guy Domville" and the inadvertent success of that uproariously patriotic play "Young England," to which (no German could understand such profane behaviour) I went three times, but the late Duke of Kent, I believe, twelve.

This is a jolly book which will bear constant re-reading.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 704 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. J. C. TREWIN.

Mr. J. C. Trewin, a Cornishman, was born in 1908. He is a leading national dramatic critic, and has been Dramatic Critic to *The Illustrated London News* since 1946. For nearly six years he was Literary Editor of the *Observer*, and for ten years he was one of its dramatic critics (with Mr. Ivor Brown). Mr. Trewin, who is not only a dramatic critic but a theatre historian, has written many books about the theatre, among them "Mr. Macready: A Nineteenth-Century Tragedian and His Theatre."



"THE EXTINGUISHER"—ONE VIEW OF MASTER BETTY (1805); THE INFANT PHENOMENON WHO IN HIS TIME WAS AN ISOLATED MARVEL.

hautboys, flutes and clarionets, they sang an aubade beginning 'Let beauty with the sun arise, To Shakespeare tribute pay,' followed by the Steward's best ballad, seven verses of it [one of the few surviving remnants of Garrick's frisky muse]. This began:

Ye Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,
See what at our jubilee passes;
Come away, rejoice, and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,
Warwickshire lad, All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad."

The last line of that ditty was "But the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief"—an allusion, presumably, to Shakespeare's quite legendary exploit in stealing deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's Park. The visitors, when they awoke next morning, were fully in accord with the sentiment; they had been charged such monstrous prices for bedrooms as they had never even heard of before. Then came calamity after calamity. During eulogistic recitations "several benches and part of a wall collapsed. A door fell upon Lord Carlisle, but no one else was injured badly." Then came the rain, which put the fireworks out of action; then ungrateful Avon burst its banks just as the



GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, PAINTED BY T. SULLY, AS RICHARD THE THIRD.

This picture of George Frederick Cooke as Richard the Third was painted by Thomas Sully. It is from the original in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. William Dunlap's "Life" records how on April 16, 1811—one of various sittings—Cooke "sat almost the whole morning to Mr. Sully for the picture of Richard."

Illustrations from the Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson Theatre Collection, reproduced from the book "The Night Has Been Unruly"; by courtesy of the publisher, Robert Hale.

* "The Night Has Been Unruly." By J. C. Trewin. Illustrated. (Robert Hale; 21s.)



THE NEW DREADNOUGHT AND HER PREDECESSORS: THE LONG LINE OF THAT NAME,

As each *Dreadnought* of the Royal Navy has in the past reached obsolescence and has had to be sold or broken up, its name has been handed on to some more modern ship. The last *Dreadnought* was of very advanced design compared with its predecessor, being the first warship whose armament consisted almost entirely of big guns. The new *Dreadnought*, however, marks an even greater stride forward in naval history. It will be the Navy's first nuclear-powered vessel, and the use of nuclear power for driving all warships is thought

to be "as inevitable as was the transition from sail to steam, and from coal to oil." The new submarine, which, in the words of Lord Mountbatten, is now "well on the drawing-board," is being designed to travel at high speed and, like the American nuclear submarine *Nautilus*, will have a very great range. She will also be able to remain submerged for long periods, as there will be no need to recharge batteries every twenty-four hours, as in conventional submarines. *Dreadnought*, it has been stated, would by now have

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

FROM THE ELIZABETHAN WARSHIP TO THE NAVY'S FIRST NUCLEAR SUBMARINE.

been in a more advanced stage of construction if priority had not some years ago been given to developing nuclear power for the generating of electricity. *Nautilus* was completed in 1955 and has already travelled over 50,000 miles without refuelling. Orders for the new submarine have been placed with Vickers Nuclear Engineering Limited, a company consisting of Vickers-Armstrongs Limited, Rolls-Royce Limited and Foster Wheeler Limited, and with the English Electric Co., Ltd. The companies are

co-operating closely with the Naval Section at the atomic energy establishment at Harwell. The new *Dreadnought* will be the ninth to appear in the Navy List. Some authorities, however, include among *Dreadnoughts* of the past the eighteenth-century *Dreadnought Prize*, thus making the new submarine the tenth *Dreadnought*. The *Dreadnought Prize* is included in our illustration, and some of the major battles in which past *Dreadnoughts* have taken part are also illustrated in reconstructions by our Artist.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

A GREAT AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL'S CENTENARY— GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

By P. L. J. WESTCOTT.

EARLY in 1834 the only white inhabitant of Victoria was William Buckley, an escaped convict who had lived thirty years with the aborigines. Two decades later the population was more than 350,000, and the port of Geelong, on the shores of Corio Bay, was prosperous and enterprising. Indeed, as Anthony Trollope wrote, "Geelong entertained an ambition that it might outrun the capital Melbourne, and become the big city of the South."

To the west of the port was the Western District, the "Australia Felix" of the explorer Mitchell, where huge flocks of merino sheep were bringing wealth to the vigorous squatters and thriving trade to Geelong. The tens of thousands of diggers who swarmed over the gold-bearing gravels of Ballarat were also provisioned mainly through Geelong, as readers of Henry Handel Richardson will remember.

In 1854 it was reported to Charles Perry, first Bishop of Melbourne, that "parents of Geelong and the Western District complained of the difficulty they experienced in obtaining for their sons a suitable education within the colony, the only alternative being to send them to Europe or Tasmania."

Bishop Perry had at his disposal a Government grant of £20,000 for the building of Anglican grammar (or public) schools. He allotted £13,000 to Melbourne and £7000 to Geelong. In anticipation of founding a public school, a Geelong committee under Archdeacon Stretch set up a small diocesan school in 1855, with the Rev. George Vance as principal.

The headmaster and all the pupils (except one) of the diocesan school passed on to the public school in 1858, so that Geelong Church of England Grammar School could reasonably have celebrated its centenary two years ago. Between the claims of 1855 and 1858, however, the laying of the foundation-stone of the "school on the hill" on June 24, 1857, has been chosen. It was the day before the official opening of the railway between Geelong and Melbourne.

The new school was "an imposing edifice of the latest Gothic period, with bold elevations on the three main fronts." Built on the highest ridge of the town opposite the Anglican Christ Church, it had excellent views but no adequate playing-fields.

Unfortunately, a trade recession took place when the school was opened, and the original debt of £5000 soon increased, due partly to mismanagement. Consequently, the school was forced into bankruptcy and closure in 1860.

Some of the trustees, worried by their inability to pay needy local tradesmen, offered the building to the Government as a juvenile reformatory. Others negotiated with the Presbyterians to reopen it as a joint denominational school.

It was then that Bishop Perry proved himself not only the first but also the second founder of Geelong Grammar School. He insisted that the property belonged absolutely to the Church of England, and, with the help of a new group of trustees, reopened the school in 1863, with John Bracebridge Wilson as headmaster.

In that year there were only fifty day boys and four boarders, and one of the latter recalled in after years that he used to whirl on roller-skates around a dormitory originally intended for eighty boys.

Bracebridge Wilson was a man of quiet courage, and he gradually gained the support of both Geelong citizens and Western District squatters. Such names as Austin, Armytage, Black, Fairbairn, Falkiner, Chirside, Mackinnon, Manifold and Turnbull appeared on the roll, and rarely since then has the school been without boys to answer to them.

The headmastership of Bracebridge Wilson lasted thirty-three years. During that long period the reputation of Geelong Grammar School spread far beyond the colony of Victoria. Love for the "Gray school, set firm upon the wind-swept hill," found expression in the poems of James Lister Cuthbertson, one of the masters, and it was carried by the younger sons of Western District families to their pioneer holdings in remote parts of Australia.

Possibly because the school did not get satisfactory playing-fields until 1882, the Barwon

River and the bush country around attracted the interest and affection of the boys. Rowing became the most popular sport, and many Old Geelong Grammarians took their enthusiasm for rowing with them to Oxford and Cambridge. Closely linked to rowing was the "Saturday Party," in which groups of boys were placed on trust while they enjoyed the pleasures of the countryside without supervision.

While it was in Geelong the school was never a large one. It rarely had more than 140 pupils, from children under ten to bewhiskered prefects of nineteen. But it gradually changed its character under Bracebridge Wilson and his successor, Lindon, and from being largely a day school became well known as a boarding-school.

It was for this reason that the School Council of 1911 decided to follow the example of Christ's Hospital and Charterhouse and move Geelong Grammar School to a new site where it would be free from "the distractions (if not temptations)" of town life. With impressive wisdom, it selected



GEELONG IN 1857: THE ORIGINAL GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL ON A HIGH RIDGE IN THE TOWN. IT WAS BUILT IN 1857 AND VACATED IN 1914; IT IS NOW USED AS A FOOD PROCESSING FACTORY.



AN OLD GEELONG GRAMMARIAN: R. H. CARNEGIE (NEW COLLEGE), PRESIDENT OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB, WHO INTRODUCED A "NEW STYLE" OF ROWING IN THE BOAT RACE THIS YEAR.



THE MAN WHO INFLUENCED ROWING STYLES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD: "STEVE" FAIRBAIRN (1862-1938), ANOTHER OLD GEELONG GRAMMARIAN. HE ROWED FOR CAMBRIDGE ON FOUR OCCASIONS.

a site on Limeburners' Lagoon, at Cowie (now fortunately changed to Corio), seven miles north of Geelong.

It was a treeless plain, dead flat, and very exposed, but rightly judged as ideal for the development of a great boarding-school. About 400 acres were bought, and mainly owing to the munificence of members of the Council themselves, a large and self-contained boarding-school was built during 1912-13. To serve the school the Victorian Railways built a new station and siding.

The change was under the direction of a new headmaster, Dr. Francis Brown, from Preston Grammar School. Within a few months of settling-in at Corio, windswept and muddy until trees grew and roads were properly made, the First World War broke out. In such an isolated position it was very difficult to run a school during the war years. Dr. Brown will always be honoured for his tact and self-sacrifice during the war period.



HEADMASTER OF GEELONG CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL SINCE 1930: DR. JAMES RALPH DARLING, O.B.E., M.A., D.C.L.

Dr. James Ralph Darling was born in 1899 and educated at Repton School and Oriel College, Oxford. He was an Assistant Master at Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, Liverpool, from 1921-24; and an Assistant Master at Charterhouse from 1924-29. He is married and has one son and three daughters.

Photograph by Robert Poekley, Geelong.

When peace returned, the school at Corio grew in size and renown. There was a stronger emphasis on religion, and before his retirement in 1929 Dr. Brown saw the completion of the very fine Chapel of All Saints, since enriched with splendid windows and a rood screen.

In 1930 the present headmaster, Dr. James Ralph Darling, came from Charterhouse at the age of thirty. His arrival coincided with the beginning of the depression which brought the price of wool and wheat to disastrous levels. For a boarding-school with high fees the future seemed bleak, yet Dr. Darling immediately succeeded in infusing an enthusiasm for the present and a faith for the future which the school has never lost since.

A great building programme was begun during the blackest years of the depression, and it still continues. Indeed, the expansion of the buildings of Geelong Grammar School under Dr. Darling's headmastership may well be unsurpassed in the history of public school education.

At Corio have been added to an already impressive range of buildings a self-contained Junior School, a boarding-house for ninety boys, a music school, an art school, a swimming-pool, two gymnasiums, two classroom blocks, a day-boy house, carpentry and mechanics workshops, and more than thirty private residences. Other buildings have been enlarged and improved. So extensive is the school to-day that a tour of inspection is not to be lightly undertaken.

Dr. Darling organised the great improvements in the preparatory school taken over in Geelong, and it was as a direct tribute to his success at Corio that what is now a very large preparatory school in Toorak, Melbourne, was acquired in 1946. Geelong Grammar School now provides junior education for 500 boys in three different schools. Probably Dr. Darling's greatest achievement has been the establishment, in 1953, of Timber-

top, a school on the slopes of the Australian Alps, 175 miles from Corio. There, about 120 boys of fourteen and fifteen years spend three terms free from strict routine and organised sport. Timber-top has attracted world-wide interest among schoolmasters.

During the twenty-seven years of his headmastership Dr. Darling has been restlessly and self-critically experimental. While administering a school of extraordinary complexity, he has continually sought to integrate the older traditions of religion, scholarship and sport with the changing needs of modern Australia.

As a public figure, Dr. Darling is a stimulating influence in many ways. As a headmaster he has won the admiration and loyalty of the Council, pupils, and old boys of a fine school, where, to use his own words, "boys of at least ten different nationalities seem to be able to live together displaying without any noticeable differences between them the common characteristics of human boyhood."

GEELONG GRAMMAR: SOME SENIOR AND JUNIOR SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT CORIO.



ORGANISED AS A SEPARATE INSTITUTION FROM THE SENIOR SCHOOL: THE LARGE JUNIOR SCHOOL AT CORIO, WHICH INCLUDES THREE BOARDING-HOUSES WITH ABOUT SIXTY BOYS IN EACH.

(Above.)
AT CORIO: THE MAIN FRONTAGE OF THE SENIOR SCHOOL. ON THE RIGHT ARE THE CHAPEL AND WAR MEMORIAL CLOISTERS AND, IN THE DISTANCE, PART OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

AUSTRALIA'S Geelong Grammar School, a public school famous throughout the world, is celebrating its centenary this year. A short history of the school from its earliest times to the present day is given by Mr. P. L. J. Westcott, who is Senior English Master at Geelong, in an article on the facing page. Geelong Church of England Grammar School is built on the west shore of Limeburners' Lagoon, an arm of Corio Bay, in Southern Victoria, south-east Australia. The school property covers 400 acres, and another 300 acres are under negotiation. Owing to its isolation, the school is really a large self-contained village, and includes over fifty residences for teaching and domestic staff.

(Right.)
FROM THE AIR: GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SHOWING ABOUT HALF THE PRESENT SCHOOL PROPERTY. TO THE LEFT IS CORIO BAY, AND IN THE DISTANCE IS A NEW REFINERY AND THE RAPIDLY-GROWING SUBURBS NORTH OF GEELONG.



ONE OF THE FOUR BOARDING-HOUSES OF THE SENIOR SCHOOL: FRANCIS BROWN HOUSE. EACH HOUSE HAS ABOUT NINETY BOYS, AND THERE IS ALSO A DAY-BOY HOUSE OF FIFTY BOYS.



CONTAINING A CONCERT HALL, LECTURE ROOM AND SOUNDPROOF PRACTICE ROOMS: THE FINE MUSIC SCHOOL PRESENTED IN APPRECIATION OF THE WORK OF SIR WILLIAM MCKIE, ONCE MUSIC DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL.

Photographs by Robert Pockley, Geelong.



SPLENDID GIFT OF A FAMOUS PASTORAL FAMILY: GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL'S CHAPEL OF ALL SAINTS AT CORIO.

The red-brick Chapel of All Saints, Corio, was the gift of the Falkner family in memory of Frank Sadler and Emily Elizabeth Falkner. It was built in two sections in 1913 and 1929, and it has been greatly enriched since its dedication on November 1, 1929. Every window has been filled with memorial glass, the eastern rose window being in memory of Dr. Francis Brown, fourth headmaster. The fine rood screen is in memory of the crew of a bomber lost over Germany in 1945 while piloted by F.O. Charles Ridley Fairbairn and F.O. Allen Berkeley Fitzhardinge, both old Geelong Grammarians. During the fifty-six years of the old school in Geelong, the boys worshipped

at Christ Church, just across the road. It was there that many past and present Geelong Grammarians gathered at the Service of Thanksgiving on March 24, which followed Old Boys' Day on March 23. At the end of the following week, April 5, a large garden-party was held at Corio. The school was moved to its present site in 1914, where, the Council then believed, "... it seems, to the best of all human calculations, secure from all chance of close settlement." In fact, the land north of Geelong has become one of the progressive industrial areas in Australia, and the school at Corio now has huge factories and housing estates being built on its very

boundaries. The flat ground makes it possible to have as many playing-fields as are needed, and there is also a golf-course. The lagoon is used for rowing and sailing, and there is an excellent rifle range. Other sports include Australian football, cricket, tennis, hockey, basket-ball, Rugby and fives. The school provides modern facilities for almost every kind of hobby and recreation that boys are likely to find interesting, and natural history excursions and camps take place in the hilly bush country west of Corio. Nine Old Boys of Geelong Grammar School represented Australia in the last Olympic Games, and one, John Landy, the present holder of the world

mile record, won an Olympic bronze medal. In the hundred years of its history Geelong has become famous in the world of sport as being a nursery of oarsmen. The first Geelong Grammarian to get his Blue was W. Robertson, who rowed in the winning Oxford crew in 1861. One of Geelong Grammar's Blues, Steve Fairbairn, whose name is known all over the world, got his basic ideas while a schoolboy, and later he carried them from the Barwon River at Geelong to revolutionise the art of rowing everywhere. Now following in this great tradition is R. Carnegie, this year's President of the Oxford University Boat Club.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, DENNIS FLANDERS.

LIFE AT A GREAT AUSTRALIAN PUBLIC SCHOOL: GEELONG GRAMMAR.



ON THE MAIN OVAL AT CORIO: A CRICKET MATCH IN PROGRESS. THE SCHOOL WAS MOVED TO CORIO JUST BEFORE WORLD WAR I.



ON THE BARWON RIVER: THE LANDING-STAGE OF GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL ROWING SHEDS. AS MANY AS TEN EIGHTS ARE BOATED ON THE BARWON.



THE KILPATRICK MEMORIAL SWIMMING-POOL, WHICH RECENTLY REPLACED THE SEA BATHS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE WAR MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM.



ENTIRELY THE WORK OF THE METALWORK AND SCULPTURE SECTIONS OF GEELONG GRAMMAR ART SCHOOL: THE ART SCHOOL GATES.



WHERE MANY BOATS AND SURF-PLANES ARE MADE EVERY YEAR: A SPECIAL BAY OF THE SENIOR CARPENTRY SHOP. THE SCHOOL HAS A THRIVING YACHT CLUB, AND A WORLD REPUTATION FOR ROWING.

At the old Geelong Grammar School in Geelong itself the playing-fields were a mile from the school. Much nearer was the Barwon River, and it is not surprising that rowing was for long the most popular sport. Geelong Grammar School has made a notable contribution to rowing at both Oxford



KNOWN AS "CABINS" OR "CUBICLES": DESKS IN ONE OF THE STRICTLY SUPERVISED STUDY ROOMS IN A BOARDING-HOUSE WHICH ARE THE FIRST STEP IN GRADUATION TO "STUDY PASSAGE."

and Cambridge. In the last eighty-six University Boat Races, Old Geelong Grammarians have rowed in twenty-five. Present-day Corians row on both Limeburners' Lagoon and the Barwon River. Geelong Grammar has also achieved considerable success in the world of athletics.

Photographs by Robert Pockley, Geelong.

IN THE MOUNTAINS: TIMBERTOP, WHERE GEELONG GRAMMAR BOYS SPEND A YEAR.



TIMBERTOP: THE COUNTRY SCHOOL TO WHICH GEELONG GRAMMAR BOYS ARE SENT FOR THREE TERMS WHEN FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. THE BUILDINGS NESTLE AMONG TREES ON THE SLOPES OF THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS.



ENTIRELY CARED FOR BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES: ONE OF THE NINE CHALETs AT TIMBERTOP. MEALS ARE TAKEN IN A COMMON DINING-ROOM, AND A NORMAL CURRICULUM IS CARRIED OUT.



IN THE SNOW COUNTRY ON RAZORBACK RIDGE, ABOVE TIMBERTOP: BOYS ENJOYING RUNS ON THEIR HOME-MADE TOBOGGANS. THEY ALSO HAVE SKI-ING EXCURSIONS ON THE NEARBY MOUNTAIN SLOPES.

Under the headmastership of Dr. Darling, Geelong Grammar School has become a complex and scattered organisation. At Corio are the Senior School and the separate Junior School, with 520 boarders and 50 day boys, who are brought from Geelong by motor-bus each day. These day boys have their own house, and are at school from 8.30 a.m. to 8 p.m. In Geelong there is a junior or preparatory school known as Bostock House, with 150 pupils. In Melbourne there is another preparatory school, Glamorgan, with



OUTSIDE A TIMBERTOP CHALET: BOYS TENDING THE ROCK GARDEN. EACH CHALET HAS A DORMITORY, LIVING-ROOM AND KITCHENETTE. THERE IS NO ORGANISED SPORT AND BOYS LEARN TO ENJOY COUNTRY PURSUITS.

210 pupils. At Timbertop, 175 miles north of Geelong, is a mountain school (photographs of which are shown on this page) for 120 boarders of fourteen or fifteen years of age. Timbertop boys return to the Senior School at Corio after a year of schooling amidst some of the most attractive country in Australia. The total roll of the five schools is about 1050, of whom nearly 750 are boarders. Some of the latter come from South-East Asia, including Burma, Malaya, Siam, Indonesia and Borneo.

Photographs by Peter R. D'Abbs.

MASTERPIECES IN MINIATURE: GEM-SEALS.



FIG. 2. A SQUAT, THREE-HANDLED ALABASTRON TYPICAL OF THE ADVANCED PALACE-STYLE PERIOD. THE WAVE-LIKE DECORATION OF THE LOWER PART WAS A VERY POPULAR MOTIF OF THE PERIOD.



FIG. 3. PERHAPS THE OLDEST EXAMPLE OF THIS TYPE OF CRETAN VASE IN MAINLAND GREECE. A STIRRUP VASE WITH A DECORATION OF ZIGZAGS WITH THE MINOAN DOUBLE-AXES.

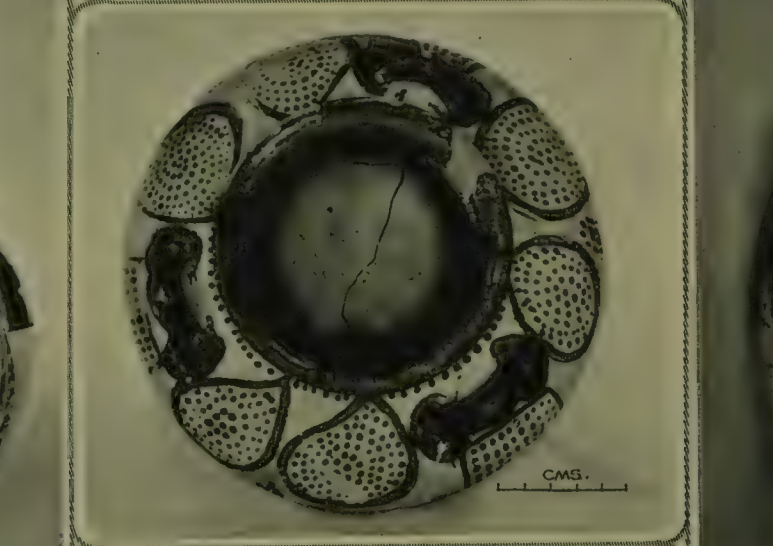


FIG. 6. AN ALABASTRON OF THE SAME STYLE AS FIG. 2, BUT SEEN FROM ABOVE. THE SHAPES FILLED WITH DOTS ARE PERHAPS A STYLISED IMITATION OF CONGLOMERATE ROCK.



FIGS. 9 AND 10. A SOLID GOLD BEAD-SEAL WITH (ABOVE) THE DEVICE OF A WOUNDED BULL; AND (BELOW) THE BACK, SHOWING THE BLUE CLOISONNE "FEATHER" DECORATION, FOR AN IMPRESSION SEE FIG. 12F.

POTTERY FROM TOMBS OF PYLOS PRINCES.



FIG. 4. A TALL THREE-HANDLED JAR, WITH A MULTIPLE IVY-LEAF PATTERN. THIS PATTERN MAY ALSO BE THAT DESCRIBED AS CO-RO-NO-WE-SA IN MINOAN LINEAR-B SCRIPT. SEE ALSO FIG. 5.



FIG. 7. A PEAR-SHAPED ALABASTRON WITH A BOLD DECORATION OF ZIGZAG PATTERNS. THE UNDERSIDE OF THE BASE CARRIES A TREFOIL ORNAMENT IN THE MARINE STYLE. IN GENERAL, THE POTTERY WAS NOT WELL-PRESERVED.



FIG. 11. A GOLD-CAPPED BEAD-SEAL OF WHITISH AND DEEP RED SARDONYX, ENGRAVED WITH THE DEVICE OF A FEMALE GRIFFIN. FOR AN IMPRESSION OF THIS WONDERFUL GEM, SEE FIG. 12B.

Continued.

Marinatos referred to a great number of beautiful gem-seals found with the burials; and also to some fine pottery; and it is some of these which we reproduce on these two pages. Some of the pottery (Figs. 1-7) may be imports from Crete; and it is interesting that in some cases Professor Marinatos has applied to them the descriptive phrases found in the Pylos tablets which are in the Minoan Linear-B

[Continued opposite.]

FIG. 1. FROM THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED THOLOS TOMBS OF PYLOS: A TALL JAR WITH THE DECORATION DESCRIBED IN THE TABLETS AS PI-TI-RO-WE-SA—I.E., PTILOESSA OR "FEATHERED."

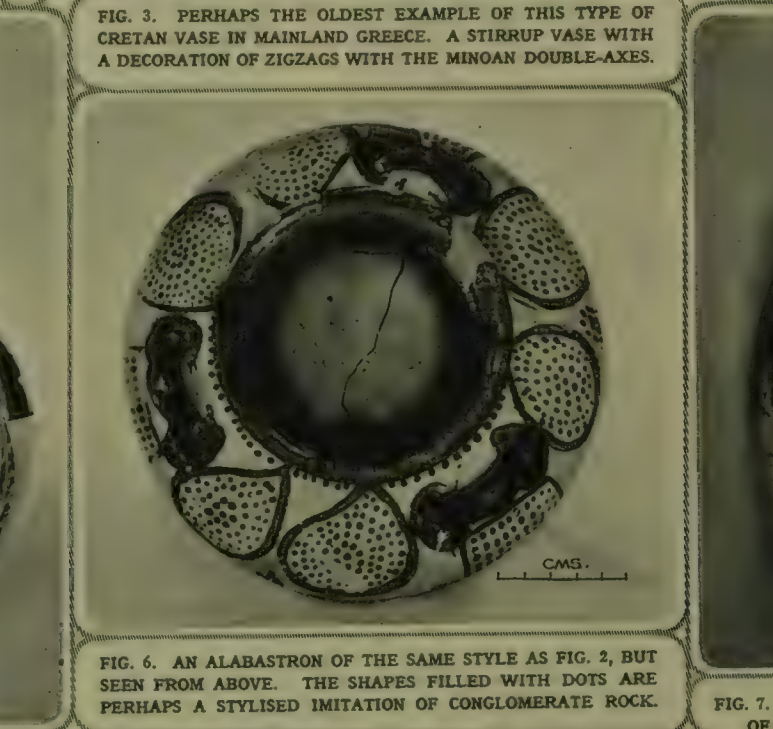


FIG. 5. A EWER DECORATED WITH RIBBONS, AND (RIGHT) A "WAZ"-LILY AND A "PRICKLY SPIRAL." SUCH VASES WERE DESCRIBED AS QE-RA-NA CO-RO-NO-WE-SA, PERHAPS CLONOESSA, "WITH TREE BRANCHES."

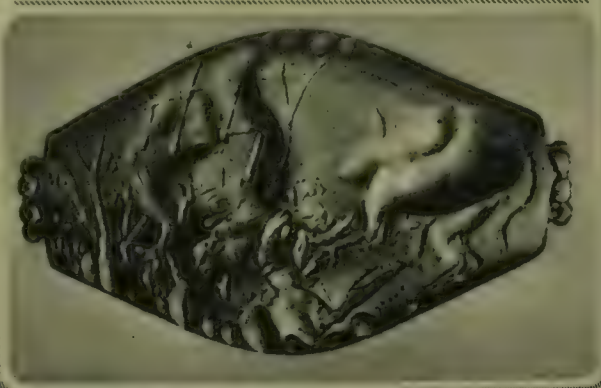


FIG. 8. A SOLID GOLD BEAD-SEAL OF ALMOND SHAPE, BEARING THE DEVICE OF A NETTED BULL, WITH (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE LEGS OF THE HUNTER, AND INDICATIONS OF A WILD, MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE. FOR AN IMPRESSION SEE FIG. 12D.

IN our issue of April 6 we reproduced a fully-illustrated article by Professor Sp. N. Marinatos, Head of the Antiquities Department, Ministry of Education, Athens, on his recent excavations of two beehive tombs at Rutsi, near Pylos, in the western Peloponnese. One of these tombs was virtually untouched and produced a rich treasure of gold-inlaid weapons. In the course of the article Professor

[Continued opposite.]

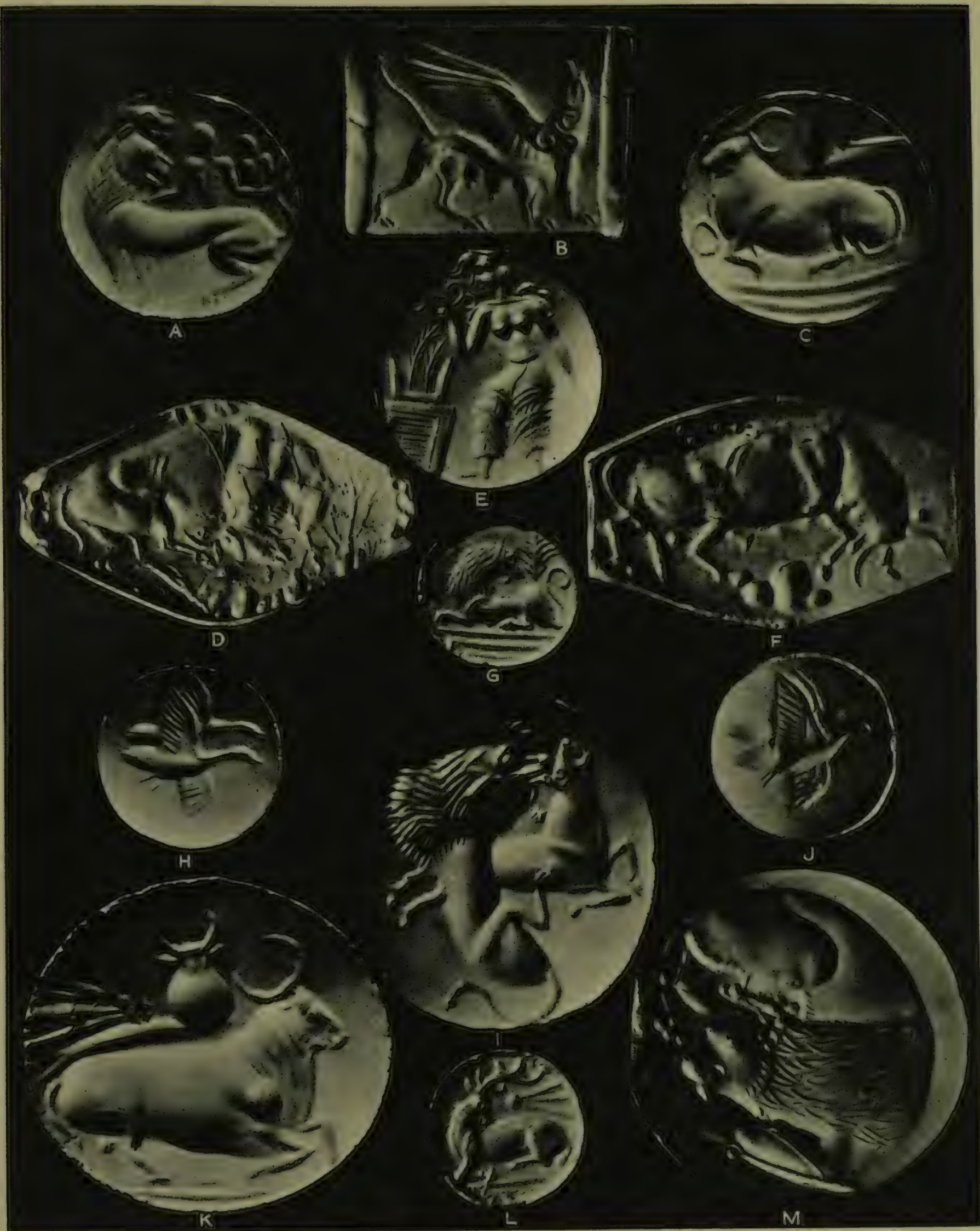


FIG. 12. ENLARGED IMPRESSIONS OF SOME OF THE WONDERFUL GEM-SEALS FOUND IN THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED PRINCELY THOLOS TOMBS OF PYLOS—FASCINATING SUBJECTS AND MASTERPIECES IN MINIATURE.

(A) A LENTOID CARNELIAN; TWO LIONS AND TWO GODS, A UNIQUE DESIGN. (B) A GOLD-MOUNTED SARDONYX (SEE FIG. 11): SHOWING A FEMALE GRIFFIN, IN-MILK. (C) CARNELIAN: A COUCHANT BULL. (D) A SOLID GOLD BEAD-SEAL (SEE FIG. 8): A BULL CAUGHT IN A NET, WITH THE HUNTER HOLDING IT BY THE HORNS. (E) A LENTOID CARNELIAN: A WOMAN OFFERING LILIES AT AN ALTAR BEARING OLIVE BRANCHES AND THE HORNS OF CONSECRATION. (F) A GOLD BEAD-SEAL (SEE FIG. 9): A RUNNING BULL WITH A BROKEN SPEAR IN ITS BACK. (G) A GOLD-MOUNTED AMETHYST PRISM: A CROUCHING LION. (H) AN AMETHYST PRISM: TWO FLYING DUCKS. (I) A SPLENDID LION LEAPING ON AN ANTELOPE. (J) ANOTHER AMETHYST PRISM OF FLYING DUCKS. (K) A NOBLE BULL OR WATER-BUFFALO. (L) A GOLD-MOUNTED AMETHYST: A CROUCHING STAG. (M) A LENTOID CARNELIAN, CARVED WITH WONDERFUL FEELING, SHOWING A DYING LION WITH AN ARROW IN HIS FLANK, TWISTED IN THE DEATH AGONY.

Continued.

script (which, thanks to the efforts of the late Michael Ventris and Mr. John Chadwick, can now be read). The gem-seals which are in solid gold and a variety of stones, such as carnelian, amethyst and sardonyx, are of the greatest beauty, delicacy and interest. These gems are, of course, very small

and in order that our readers may appreciate the detail of the subjects, we reproduce in Fig. 12 a number of impressions of them, enlarged uniformly to about three times actual size. To give an idea of the actual size, the real width of B, which shows the female griffin, is 15-16ths of an inch.

BANANA STOWAWAYS: ANIMAL TRAVELLERS WITHOUT TICKETS.



(Above.)
STRETCHING ITS LEGS IN A LEAP: ONE OF THE LITTLE GREEN TREE FROGS WHICH MAKES THE LONG JOURNEY. IT HAS ADHESIVE DISCS ON ITS TOES.

FRUIT shipments from tropical lands have long been recognised as a most valuable source of strange and fascinating animals. In a recent issue of the American magazine *Natural History*, Mr. Walker Van Riper, of the Denver Museum of Natural History, describes his "banana menagerie" in an article illustrated by his own photographs (which are reproduced on this and the facing page), which show "only a few of the creatures that have travelled to Denver clear from the plantations in the tropics." All these animals were handed over to Mr. Van Riper by banana handlers, so naturally his collection includes only those animals which were large enough to attract the handlers' attention. In these days when banana trees are sprayed and the bunches of bananas washed in a special solution, shipments

[Continued opposite.

(Right.)
ONE OF THE BEST BANANA STOWAWAYS WHICH HAS YET REACHED MR. VAN RIPER IN DENVER: A SPINY-TAILED IGUANA (*CTENOSAURA*) A FOOT AND A HALF LONG.



COMMONLY TRANSPORTED FROM ITS NATIVE HAUNTS IN CRATES OF BANANAS: A TARANTULA, OR BIRD-EATING SPIDER, FROM THE WEST INDIES, WITH FANGS WHICH LOOK WORSE THAN ITS BITE PROVES.



LARGE AND OF FORBIDDING APPEARANCE, BUT IN REALITY QUITE HARMLESS: ONE OF THE RUNNING SPIDERS BELONGING TO THE FAMILY CTENIDAE.



A FEW DAYS AFTER ITS ARRIVAL AT DENVER WITH SOME BANANAS: A 4-IN. SCORPION CARRYING HER BABIES ON HER BACK.

Photographs by Walker Van Riper, of the Denver Museum of Natural History, taken with high-speed equipment designed by Dr. H. E. Edgerton.

CURIOUS TOURISTS: SOME EMIGRANTS FROM THE TROPICS TO THE U.S.A.



HARMLESS AND GENTLE, DESPITE ITS APPEARANCE: THE ANNULATED BOA (*CORALLUS ANNULATUS*), A SNAKE WHICH IS SO RARE THAT MANY LARGE MUSEUMS LACK A SPECIMEN.



HISSING ITS DISAPPROVAL AT BEING DISTURBED: A GREEN TREE SNAKE (*LEPTOPHIS AHAETULLA*) OPENING ITS JAWS MENACINGLY.

Continued.
are not so productive of stowaways as they once were. Considering these disadvantages—from the scientists' and stowaways' viewpoints—Mr. Walker Van Riper has achieved a fair measure of success as a collector, for he writes: "Over the years, I have had about a dozen kinds of spiders, various tarantulas being the most common. I have also had half a dozen species of snakes, three lizards, including a large iguana, tree frogs, scorpions, a giant millipede, a brushtailed mouse, and a cockroach 'big enough to put



BUSILY STRETCHING ITS "THOUSAND" FEET AFTER THE INACTIVITY OF ITS LONG JOURNEY: A GIANT MILLIPEDE TAKING A WALK. MILLIPEDES HAVE NO POISON FANGS; THEY ARE SLOW-MOVING VEGETARIANS.



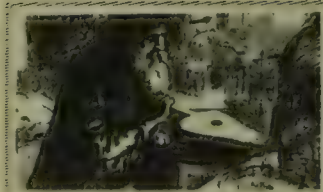
NON-VENOMOUS DESPITE ITS LOOKS: A TIGER RAT SNAKE (*SPILOTES PULLATUS*) FROM ECUADOR, WHICH IS HEAVY-BODIED WITH BRILLIANT YELLOW AND BLACK MARKINGS ON ITS UNDERSIDE. IT IS A SEMI-CONSTRICTOR.



ONE OF THE MOST FREQUENT BANANA STOWAWAYS: THE HARMLESS LITTLE SPOTTED NIGHT SNAKE, POSSIBLY BETTER KNOWN AS THE CAT-EYED SNAKE.

a saddle on and ride,' as one of my friends said." During the years 1952-56 the New York Zoological Park received from banana shipments: seven genera of snakes and one genus of lizard. Of these snakes only one genus was venomous. During the past year The Natural History Museum in London has recorded two species of snakes as being banana stowaways to England, one was a tree snake from Trinidad (*Imatodes*) and the other a non-venomous semi-tree snake from the West Indies (*Liophis*).

Photographs by Walker Van Riper, of the Denver Museum of Natural History, taken with high-speed equipment designed by Dr. H. E. Edgerton.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME months ago we started shutting our two tawny owls up at night. This is, of course, a reversal of their natural habits, to allow them freedom by day and to incarcerate them at night. We had no choice in the matter when we found a new neighbour was having his sleep broken. This could have been caused equally by the wild owls, which are numerous all around, but, *noblesse oblige*, we could take no chances in case ours were even partially responsible. At one end of the aviary, therefore, a house was built. This stands on legs so that its base is well up from the ground,

OWLS SHOW INITIATIVE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

It was soon evident that unless the owls learned to co-operate, this evening routine was likely to prove troublesome and very time-consuming. Our misgivings were, however, soon set at rest, for by the fifth evening the birds had got the idea that, when someone entered the aviary around nine o'clock of an evening, it was time for them to go indoors. From then onwards they would either fly straight into their house when the door leading into the aviary was opened, and having alighted on one of the perches inside, would turn round ready to receive the food; or, more commonly, each would fly in after having received its rations. On some occasions, one of them has flown straight into the house as soon as someone has come within sight of the aviary round about feeding time (which is also shutting-up time).

In general terms, what is being said here is no more than a recital of the behaviour of any kind of animal being penned in at a regular time. It shows the working of a conditioned reflex, association of ideas or a habit. Which of these it should be called is a matter for doubt, but whichever it be there can be little question that the owls, by their behaviour, reveal the individuality of their race.

First, we might consider which of the three processes is at work. Then, we may perhaps speculate on what is meant by individuality, in this instance, and whether it is more marked in owls than in other birds.

The owls' response has nothing in it of the text-book idea of a conditioned reflex. Pavlov worked on his dogs by ringing a bell at the same time as they were presented with food, and then in time he found that the mere ringing of the bell, without food being given, was sufficient to make their mouths water. The reflex represented by salivation, or the mouth watering, could be evoked without fail by the ringing of the bell. There is little of a conditioned reflex in the way our owls go into the house when presented with food. Not only is there a difference in the way in which they go in, but there is a wide range in the time taken for them to do so. Sometimes one of them, although it must be hungry, as shown by its subsequent behaviour once it has been compelled to take the food, will steadfastly refuse to accept it. It is often necessary to lift one of its legs off the perch, put the food into its talons, close the talons over it, and then persuade it to go indoors to eat it. There have even been times when, having had the food forced on it, the owl will fly round the aviary, dropping its food to the ground as it goes, and then lead us "a fair dance" before it is finally shut up for the night.

As to the third process suggested, the habit, it seems that this can be ruled out. For over two years they had been accustomed to receiving their food and then choosing for themselves the place

and the manner in which they ate it. Such was their habit, firmly established over a long period of time, yet in five repetitions only they learned to alter this and allowed themselves to be shut in for the night, contrary to their natural instincts. For them, it was in every way a revolutionary change in behaviour.

Their acceptance of this great change was, it seems, due to an association of ideas together with, I would venture to say, a certain amount of insight. In other words, it was as though the owls readily grasped the idea of what was required of them. It must be confessed that as I come to write this, the suggestion that owls should show so much understanding seems somewhat ridiculous. Yet to us who were watching their behaviour closely during those first five evenings, that is how it seemed. This impression has been reinforced by subsequent events, and it is in these that one can, it appears, detect this high degree of individuality at which I have hinted.

For the most part they give little trouble. The usual pattern is that one flies in readily and the other follows soon after. There are times when one or other will give the twittering sound as it goes, suggesting that it is doing this under protest. On other occasions, one or both will twitter, following this with the slow bill-clapping or lift of the wings in the characteristic aggressive display.



WITH A PIECE OF FOOD IN ITS BEAK: A TAWNY OWL WITH ITS HEAD STRETCHED FORWARD, AND EYES CLOSED, JUST BEFORE RAISING ITS HEAD TO SWALLOW THE FOOD.

and since its floor is of wire-netting, the owls are merely covered in at the sides and the top. Within it, the birds can enjoy the night air; they have moderately good freedom of movement; and they can hoot to their hearts' content, for even when calling their loudest, they sound like owls in the distance even when one is only a few yards away. So the problem of suppressing their noise was solved. Another problem remained, that of persuading them to go into the house at a time which, by owls' laws, was the start of their most active period.

The first night after the house was completed, we went to shut them up at 9 p.m., as planned, the idea being that they should be fed at the same time. It was our hope that they might become conditioned to being shut up as they received their food. It was the best we could do to coat the pill of being deprived of their nightly freedom. But the owls refused to swallow the pill as readily as we had hoped. They took their food without fuss, but after that they led us round the aviary, from perch to perch, holding the food in their beaks. No doubt we could have accomplished our end in less time, had we so wished, but when you want birds to remain tame you do nothing to scare, less still to hurt them.

Eventually the owls were persuaded into the house and the door shut on them. Their displeasure on being shepherded into the house was shown by an indignant twittering rattle, or, once they had transferred their food from beak to talon, by a slow bill-clapping. Tawny owls will greet you with a quick bill-clapping; and the same sound, made at a slightly slower rate, indicates aggressive intent. The first is light-hearted and pleasant to hear, the second sounds distinctly menacing.



AS THE FOOD IS ACTUALLY SWALLOWED: THE TAWNY OWL WITH ITS HEAD HELD BACK.

The usual food of tawny owls is shrews, mice and voles. These are seized by the owl with its talons and killed instantaneously. After this the owl pulls the flesh off the carcase with its powerful beak and swallows the meal in a number of pieces.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

It is in equivalent human terms: "Curse you for driving us in on a night like this." There are also times when one of them, more rarely both, will refuse to go in but will play a game of dodging round and round the aviary, until we begin to wonder whether it is not better to give up trying. It is usually at this point that they decide to go in of their own free will.

All this may sound rather shameful treatment. In such a narrative as this it is necessary to stress the occasions when the owls are rebellious. On most evenings they give no trouble. In any event, they still welcome us with the rapid bill-clapping whenever we go to them, even if, a few minutes later, this has turned to the slower, more menacing sound.

PERSONALITIES OF
THE WEEK.AN IRISH ARCHÆOLOGIST: THE LATE
PROFESSOR SEAN P. O'RIORDAIN.

Professor Sean Patrick O'Riordain, the distinguished Irish archaeologist, died in Dublin on April 11, aged fifty-two. He had been Professor of Archaeology in University College, Dublin, since 1943. In 1952 he was entrusted with the first scientific investigation of Tara, the seat of ancient Irish kings, and he made the first exploratory digging at the Mound of Hostages.

APPOINTED A LORD OF APPEAL:
LORD JUSTICE DENNING.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Lord Justice Denning as a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, with effect from April 18. Lord Denning, who is fifty-eight, was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1923. He became a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1944, in which year he was appointed to the High Court Bench. Since 1948 he has been a Lord Justice of Appeal.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S OPERATION:
DR. RICHARD CATTELL.

Dr. Richard Cattell, of the Lahey Clinic of the New England Baptist Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts, operated on Sir Anthony Eden for a bile-duct disorder on April 13 in the Lahey Clinic. Dr. Cattell also operated on Sir Anthony four years ago. After the operation, Dr. Cattell said there was a reasonable prospect of complete relief for Sir Anthony.

WELL-KNOWN FICTION WRITER DIES:
MR. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS.

Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts, who died at the age of seventy-seven on April 11, was one of the best-known of detective fiction authors and was the creator of Inspector French. He also wrote short stories, and some short plays which were broadcast by the B.B.C. He started work as a railway engineer, retiring in 1929, and was also an accomplished organist and choirmaster.

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF PHYSICIANS: DR. ROBERT PLATT.

Dr. Robert Platt, who has been Professor of Medicine at Manchester University, and Physician at Manchester Royal Infirmary since 1945, was elected President of the Royal College of Physicians, in succession to Sir Russell Brain, at a meeting in London on April 15. Dr. Platt is a member of the Medical Research Council, and editor of the quarterly *Journal of Medicine*.

AWARDED THE GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE:
DR. DON MANUEL PRADO, PRESIDENT OF PERU.

Her Majesty the Queen has conferred upon Dr. Don Manuel Prado, the President of Peru, the Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. Dr. Prado, a good friend of Great Britain and the Western Powers, began his second six-year term as President in 1956. He temporarily left politics at the end of his first term in 1945.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S PHYSICIAN:
SIR HORACE EVANS.

Sir Horace Evans, Sir Anthony Eden's physician, flew to Boston to attend the operation performed on Sir Anthony on April 13. He was one of the three doctors who signed the bulletin issued after the operation, and was quoted as saying he was "happy and satisfied with the way everything went." It was Sir Anthony's fourth major abdominal operation.

HEAD OF GASTROENTEROLOGY AT LAHEY
CLINIC: DR. SARA M. JORDAN.

Dr. Sara M. Jordan is head of the Department of Gastroenterology at the Lahey Clinic, where the recent operation on Sir Anthony Eden was performed. Her diagnosis that there was no inflammation of the colon was proved correct during the operation. She has been engaged in gastroenterology in Boston since 1922 and took up her present appointment in 1923.

PEOPLE IN THE
PUBLIC EYE.SERIOUSLY INJURED IN A CAR CRASH:
MLLE. FRANCOISE SAGAN.

Mlle. Françoise Sagan, the twenty-two-year-old French novelist who had immense success with her two books, *Bonjour Tristesse* and *Un Certain Sourire*, was seriously injured in a car accident near Fontainebleau on April 14. Mlle. Sagan was driving, with three passengers, when her car skidded or swerved while travelling at speed and overturned.

A DISTINGUISHED FIGURE IN INDUSTRY
RETIRES: MR. E. CHUBB.

Mr. Emory Chubb has recently retired at the age of seventy-seven from the chairmanship of Chubb and Son's Lock and Safe Company Ltd. after some fifty-six years of service with the Company. Mr. Chubb spent much of his career abroad as a salesman and technical expert. Mr. Chubb succeeded Lord Hayter as Chairman, and the appointment now goes to the Hon. George Chubb.

ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE F.B.I.:
SIR HUGH BEAVER.

Sir Hugh Beaver, Managing Director of Arthur Guinness, Son and Co. Ltd., was elected President at the annual meeting of the Federation of British Industries in London on April 10. Sir Hugh was educated at Wellington College, of which he is now Vice-President. From 1940-45 he was Director General and Controller General of the Ministry of Works.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AS a family, the daphnes—like so many human families—are a pretty uneven lot. I have known, and grown, and still grow, a few species of daphne which

are of outstanding garden importance and beauty, and I have met a good many others which could only be described as rather dowdy poor relations, trading, in order to get themselves a place in the garden, upon the virtues and the reputation of their betters.

Take, for instance, those two evergreen species, *Daphne laureola* and *D. pontica*. They form clumps of naked 2- to 3-ft. stems, carrying heads of glossy green leaves, among which appear, in due season, clusters of small, yellowish-green flowers. They are well enough for growing in shrubby, half-shady places, as useful evergreen fill-ups. Under certain conditions the flowers are fragrant, and at other times they are scentless, but what the conditions are which decide this matter I have never been quite sure. Perhaps it is a question of time of day—or evening—or night. My own feelings towards *Daphne laureola*, however, are pleasantly nostalgic. I found it, when a schoolboy, as a rare, wild—or apparently wild—British species in the limestone Craven Highlands of West Yorkshire. At the same time, and in the same district, I found *Daphne mezereum*, and *mezereum* is a really desirable shrub, quite apart from my own nostalgic memories. You know it, of course. A favourite cottage garden shrub, usually 3 to 4 ft. high, with a loose sheaf of erect naked stems, which in early spring are closely strung from top to bottom with clusters of intensely fragrant pink flowers. A crop of fresh green deciduous leaves appears soon after the flowers are over, and later come the glossy scarlet berries. There is a white-flowered variety, whose berries are like polished amber. There are, too, several colour forms of the pink *mezereum*, especially one with flowers of a deeper, richer pink—almost crimson.

A plant of this last in my garden came from seed given to me years ago by the present President of the Royal Horticultural Society. It is now a fine, shapely 3-ft. bush, growing from a carpet of light periwinkle-blue scillas, and close to a wide patch of Ballard's giant-flowered hybrid, *Hepatica media*—they all flower at the same time in March—and they make a very lovely picture. *Daphne mezereum* is easy to raise from seed, and it is worth collecting the berries for this purpose from any garden in which one may find it. The white, the pink, and the darker forms breed true from seed, but in some gardens the berries are often taken by birds almost before they are ripe.

The evergreen *Daphne retusa*, with its clusters of lilac-pink intensely fragrant blossoms, is a first-rate shrub, which has remained all too rare, chiefly because of the popularity of its big scarlet berries among birds. On the rock garden at my nursery at Stevenage I once had a specimen of *D. retusa* which measured a good 4 ft. across—the finest I ever saw. It flourishes in any decent loam, and if it does not actually demand lime, it certainly does not object to it.

Daphne arbuscula is a grand species for any sunny space in good loam in the rock garden, where it spreads low and wide, with narrow, deep-green leaves, and heads of fragrant rosy lilac

A FEW DAPHNES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

blossoms. A choice and somewhat rare treasure.

Daphne rupestris—alias *D. petraea*—is rare in nature and always rather costly in commerce, but worth every shilling that any nurseryman ever asked for it. It is a cliff-dweller, found only in a very restricted area in the mountains of Northern Italy, where it hugs the rock crevices, very dwarf, evergreen, and covered in due season with a dense smother of waxy, pink blossoms which are intensely fragrant. There is a variety, *grandiflora*, with extra large flowers, which to-day is in cultivation to the almost total exclusion of the normal wild type. The plant is a very slow grower. A specimen here, which is some twenty-odd years old, and is probably the largest in cultivation, lives in a big pan in the Alpine house, forming a perfect rounded dome, a foot across, and 5 ins. high. Most of the

clusters of small white flowers, though numerous, are sadly ineffective, and scentless. I raised it from seed, collected near the Col de Lautaret, in the Savoy Alps, in pre-war days, and I confess that I would find it difficult to explain why I go on growing the thing, except that it has a few distinguished relatives, and that I did originally collect it in pleasant surroundings.

Daphne striata is another species which I have collected at Lautaret, a low-growing straggling shrub with heads of fragrant lilac-pink blossom. A most attractive thing which for some reason has generally proved rather difficult to grow. The white-flowered variety of *striata*, a colony of which I discovered at Lautaret thirty years ago, and have revisited on several occasions since, in order

to collect scions for grafting, is a really beautiful thing. *Daphne blagayana* is a species which never fails to command respect almost amounting to reverence. Prostrate in habit, and evergreen, it carries leaves towards the extremities of its otherwise naked stems which lie close to the ground. In early spring each stem produces a rather large terminal head of fragrant creamy-white flowers. But, somehow or other, I have never felt really attracted to *D. blagayana*. Sprawling as it does, it lacks grace, and it is not a thing that one would gather for the house. And as for its fragrance, I, at any rate, am not prepared to go down on my hunkers to sniff and worship any plant. My son has a clump of *blagayana* measuring a good 5 ft. across, and carrying many dozens of flower heads each spring. I know few things which command so much respect and admiration—from connoisseurs who really know their onions.

But surely by far the loveliest and the best of all daphnes is *D. cneorum*, a low-growing, and eventually trailing evergreen, which carries on the tip of every twig a head of blossoms an inch or so across, warm rosy-pink and intensely and deliciously fragrant, with the scent of the old double white garden pink.

For long, *cneorum* has been regarded as a rather difficult, uncertain, temperamental shrub to grow. Personally, I have been fortunate with it. From the first I have treated it rough. No fussments, no refined coddling, no anxious watching, and so, perhaps for this reason, *cneorum* has refrained from playing up with the little invalid act. Ten years ago when I came to my Cotswold garden I put in a dozen or two cuttings of half-ripe twigs, each with a heel. I put them in a pan of silver sand with a bottom layer of loam to keep them amused when they had rooted—which they did, in a cold frame, within a few months. Then I planted them out as a 2-ft.-wide edging in a bed of stiff loam full of broken limestone. To-day they are a hearty mass of healthy growth, and when flowering, in May, are the envy of all who see them. It is pleasant to have *Daphne cneorum* so profuse and plentiful that there need be no hesitation about cutting a generous handful of flowering stems to give to a pleasantly astonished friend. I take no credit for having rumbled the psychology of this lovely plant. Can it be that it is a trifle conceited about the silent C in its name, like a Smith who spells himself with a P. I wonder?



"BY FAR THE LOVELIEST AND THE BEST OF ALL DAPHNES IS *D. CNEORUM* . . . ON THE TIP OF EVERY TWIG A HEAD OF BLOSSOMS . . . WARM ROSY-PINK AND INTENSELY AND DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT." (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

specimens of this daphne are to-day being grown in this way, in pans or pots, as Alpine house plants, though they are, in fact, perfectly hardy in the open air. It is one of the choicest and most beautiful of all dwarf rock-garden shrubs. And what a contrast it is to *Daphne alpina*, a specimen of which is growing among rocks in my garden. It is a deciduous bush well over 4 ft. across and 18 ins. high. The leaves are grey-green, and the

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day.

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JERUSALEM, VENEZUELA AND ENGLAND: SOME RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



IN THE DIVIDED CITY OF JERUSALEM: SCHOOLCHILDREN READ A FRONTIER WARNING IN JEWISH JERUSALEM. BEYOND THE WALL IS A JORDANIAN MILITARY POST.

Nowhere perhaps in the world has the current Jordan crisis been watched with greater tension than in Jerusalem—a city politically divided and as sharply divided as Berlin and with even less intercourse between the sectors. About a fifth of Jerusalem is Jordanian, while the remainder is in Israel.



IN THE STREET DIVIDING JEWISH AND JORDANIAN JERUSALEM, THERE ARE MINES, RUBBISH IS SHOT AND BRUSHWOOD SAPPLINGS TAKE ROOT.



THE CARACAS "HELICOID": A HUGE ARCHITECTURAL PROJECT DESIGNED TO CLOTHE AND CAP A HILL OVERLOOKING CARACAS IN VENEZUELA—IN MODEL FORM.

This model, exhibited at Caracas, illustrates the plan of Señor J. Romero Gutierrez. This "community," ten storeys high on one side, twenty-five on the other, will have a spiral ramp giving direct access to all levels. Completion is expected in 1960.



WATERLOO PIER RIVER POLICE STATION BEING TOWED AWAY FOR OVERHAUL. IT WILL BE FITTED WITH OIL-FUEL TANKS AND PUMPS TO ALLOW THE REFUELLING OF POLICE LAUNCHES



DESIGNED FOR THE POLICE FORCE OF QATAR, IN THE PERSIAN GULF: A 38-FT. DIESEL LAUNCH, WITH A SPEED OF 10½ KNOTS, DURING RECENT TRIALS. This launch, recently completed for the Ruler of Qatar at the Hampton-on-Thames yard of John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., is of a type already tried in Asian, African and South American waters. It will be used for police patrol and harbour duties at Doha and Umm Said.



AT THE OPENING OF THE PEAKIRK WATERFOWL GARDENS NEAR PETERBOROUGH: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH MR. PETER SCOTT. These new Waterfowl Gardens of the Wildfowl Trust were opened on April 12 by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The Duchess can be seen, centre, holding a bunch of flowers, while Prince Richard, left, feeds some of the birds.

DUTCH, FLEMISH, FRENCH AND ITALIAN MASTERS: IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"ROSES," BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1904): IN THE OUTSTANDING EXHIBITION OF "FINE PAINTINGS OF FOUR CENTURIES" AT THE WILLIAM HALLSBOROUGH GALLERY. (Oil on canvas; 19 by 16½ ins.)



"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS"; A FINE SKETCH BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641), WHICH WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF ANTWERP. (Oil on panel; 11½ by 9½ ins.)



"FLOWER PIECE," BY JAN VAN HUYSUM (1682-1749), WHO WAS BORN IN AMSTERDAM AND WAS TAUGHT BY HIS FATHER JUSTUS VAN HUYSUM. IT BRILLIANTLY COMBINES SUPERB DETAIL WITH POWERFUL COMPOSITION. (Oil on copper; 31½ by 24½ ins.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD," BY BERNARD VAN ORLEY (?1488-1541) AND JOACHIM PATINIR (c.1480-1524), WHO PAINTED THE DELICATE LANDSCAPE. (Oil on panel; 15 by 13 ins.)



"VENICE, A VIEW OF THE GRAND CANAL WITH THE RIALTO"; A MAGNIFICENT WORK BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-93) WITH A STRIKING GROUP OF FIGURES ON THE RIGHT. (Oil on canvas; 30½ by 49½ ins.)



"WINTER LANDSCAPE," BY JAN VAN DE CAPELLE (1624-79), WHO IS PRINCIPALLY KNOWN FOR HIS MARINE SUBJECTS. (Oil on canvas; 17 by 22½ ins.)



"ANTIQUE TRIUMPHAL ARCH WITH ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL IN THE BACKGROUND"; ONE OF A PAIR OF CAPRICCIOS BY CANALETTO (1697-1768). (Oil on canvas; 12½ by 17 ins.)

There are thirty-seven works in the exhibition of "Fine Paintings of Four Centuries," which Lady Templer is to open at the William Hallsborough Gallery, 20, Piccadilly Arcade, on April 29. Fully illustrated catalogues of this outstanding exhibition, which continues until June 29, will be sold in aid of the County of London Branch of the British Red Cross Society. As may be seen from the paintings shown here, this exhibition includes many fine masterpieces of a standard not often found in the London art market to-day.

The Venetian School is particularly well represented—with fine paintings by Francesco Guardi, Canaletto and Marieschi, and groups of drawings by Giacomo Guardi and Pietro Longhi. Masterpieces by Dutch artists include the superb "Portrait of a Girl," by Jan Lievens, a lively interior by Dirk Hals and two Jan van Goyen coast scenes. Another interesting feature of this exhibition is to be able to see the Fantin-Latour beside the flower paintings of artists such as Van der Ast, Jan (Velours) Brueghel and Van Huysum.



UNDER SAIL FOR THE FIRST TIME: *MAYFLOWER II*, SAILING IN A LIGHT SOUTH-WESTERLY BREEZE DURING HER SEA TRIALS OFF THE DEVON COAST ON APRIL 16.

Mayflower II was given her first sea trials on the evening of April 16 when, in calm, sunny weather with a mild south-westerly breeze, she sailed for more than two hours along the Devon coastline, returning to Brixham at eight o'clock. Her master, Commander Villiers, her American designer, Mr. William Baker, and her builder, Mr. Stuart Upham, all said that the ship had behaved very satisfactorily on this her first run under sail. As *Mayflower II* set out from Brixham she was greeted by a chorus of boats' sirens, and a salute of cannons was fired from Brixham Yacht Club. Following the trials, it was expected that *Mayflower II* would leave Plymouth, Devon, on her 4000-mile voyage to Plymouth, Massachusetts, early on

April 20. She finally left Brixham, where she was built, in tow for Dartmouth late in the afternoon of April 17. During her first sea trip she flew a Red Ensign from her lateen yard (on the right in the picture) and from her mainmast flew the flag of King James which was flown by the original *Mayflower* during her Atlantic crossing over 300 years ago. Part of a Royal Ordinance of 1606 commanded that all the King's subjects of Greater Britain should bear in their main-top the Red Cross and St. Andrew's Cross joined together and in their fore-top subjects of South Britain should wear the Red Cross only, as was their custom. Subjects of North Britain, on the other hand, were to fly their traditional White Cross at the fore-top.



THE cycle of drawings by Goya, discussed and illustrated by José López-Rey,* is composed of 130, all of which except one are preserved in the Prado, Madrid. Many will be familiar from reproductions elsewhere, and from an Arts Council exhibition in London in 1954, but as far as I am aware, the series has not previously been studied in such meticulous detail. To the average Englishman, watching spring perform its annual miracle in the countryside, or, in my case, looking out at the plane trees in a quiet London square, these powerful yet delicate drawings, with their Rembrandtesque shadows and tragic undertones, may seem evocations of far-away horrors, so fatally easy is it for the mind to refuse acceptance of the dreadful things done to the innocent by barbarous fanatics in our own day. We are aware of the facts, but, owing to some imaginative deficiency or perhaps on account of a subconscious defence mechanism, we shrink from full comprehension, thereby, I dare say, preserving our sanity at the expense of our compassion. It is, I suppose, possible—just possible—to remain wrapped in cotton-wool in an ivory tower of our own construction and to analyse these superb drawings as works of art, irrespective of their meaning; if so, we show ourselves singularly obtuse and heartless. Their author's theme is the clash between human dignity and oppression. They are compounded of pity and indignation and, despite many obscurities, they are as valid commentaries upon the world of to-day as they were when Goya drew them in the early years of the nineteenth century.

The end of the Peninsular War left Spain cleared of invaders but rent by faction. While

original ideals of the French Revolution was, *ipso facto*, suspect of treason, or worse. Goya himself found it politic to go into hiding for a time and eventually into self-imposed exile at Bordeaux. These drawings are the record of his musings on the problem of truth and the freedom of the human spirit. As the author puts it, "Some of the drawings, as those directed against religious abuses, are caricature-like . . . ; others, those representing victims of either the Inquisition or

passionate sincerity. These are the drawings originally gathered together in Venice by Consul Smith, that very great collector, and acquired by George III in 1762. The marvellous series of drawings by Canaletto which he owned have already been dealt with by Dr. K. T. Parker in a companion volume. Sir Anthony Blunt writes of the Piazzetta drawings and of the two Riccis, Mr. Croft-Murray of the caricatures by Marco Ricci, the two Zanettis, and others.

There are two strange and apparently inexplicable omissions in Consul Smith's collection—Guardi and G. B. Tiepolo. As to the former, he was much younger than the other artists patronised by Smith, and the latter had probably formed the greater part of his collection by the time Guardi had made his mark. Smith knew Tiepolo, apparently, and it is suggested that they quarrelled. "Whatever the true reason," Sir Anthony continues, "it was a severe loss for the Royal Collection that Smith ceased to buy further works from the greatest Venetian artist of his day. But if the collection—apart from the Canalettos—does not represent for us the peaks of Venetian Settecento art, it gives an unrivalled idea of what was taking place in the earlier part of the century. The drawings by Piazzetta form one of the finest groups to come from his hand. . . . Above all, the collection gives a unique idea of the work of the two Riccis. Marco is here shown in all his rôles, as painter and draughtsman of landscapes, as caricaturist and as inventor of operatic stage designs." As to Sebastiano Ricci, "The range, variety and force of these drawings will probably surprise those who know him as a brilliant painter of alterpieces in Venetian churches and will help to give him his rightful place with Piazzetta as among the founders of the great renaissance of art in Venice in the eighteenth century."

The caricature drawings—220 of them—are mounted in an album with a water-colour of Consul Smith's arms as a frontispiece. They are amusing enough—indeed, many can be described



"STUDIES OF A BEARDED MAN," ATTRIBUTED TO G. B. PITTONI (1687-1767): ILLUSTRATED IN THE NEW PHAIDON VOLUME "VENETIAN DRAWINGS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES AT WINDSOR CASTLE," WHICH FRANK DAVIS REVIEWS IN HIS ARTICLE. (Black chalk heightened with white on brownish-grey paper; 12½ by 9 ins.)

revolutionary action, are of the utmost delicacy of feeling; still others, in which Freedom's ultimate victory is the theme, are as sharp as intellectual conviction can be. In brief, Goya's imagination unfolds a vivid narrative of the efforts undertaken and the sufferings undergone by outspoken or conscientious people in the course of man's search for both Truth and Liberty as inseparable conditions for human happiness."

In spite of Mr. López-Rey's meticulous analysis, many of the drawings and Goya's captions to them will probably remain only partly comprehensible to most English readers, for the artist's train of thought is strangely elliptical, and I fancy one needs to be a Spaniard, or at least thoroughly at home in Spain, to be able to appreciate their full meaning. Others, though, are simplicity itself, and for that very reason all the more moving—the splendid drawing, for example, illustrated in Plate 77, entitled "For discovering the motion of the earth," which refers to the humiliations inflicted upon Galileo by the Inquisition, or Plate 82, "Eat not, famous Torrigiani." In this Goya is commenting upon the story told by Vasari—how the sculptor (to whom, by the way, we owe the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey) had made a Madonna for a certain Duke d'Arcus in Seville. The Duke refused to pay what was asked, so Torrigiani destroyed his work. For destroying a religious image, the Inquisition put him in prison—where he starved himself to death. While Vasari's story is suspect, the moral is, of course, that freedom is an essential condition for the creative artist.

With the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Venetian Drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor, the subject of the Phaidon volume,† we are naturally in a world far removed from Goya's



"A NEGRO IN A TURBAN, HOLDING A BOW"; ONE OF THE FINE GROUP OF DRAWINGS BY G. B. PIAZZETTA (1682-1754) IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR. (Black and white chalk on brownish paper; 15½ by 10½ ins.)

These illustrations from "Venetian Drawings at Windsor Castle" are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers.

as brilliant; they throw light upon manners and costumes, and many are of opera singers. No doubt both Hogarth and Rowlandson were influenced by them to some degree so that they played a part in our own tradition, but it seems clear enough that they were passed round in a very restricted circle. It was left for northern countries to develop the pungent, hard-hitting social and political caricatures with which we are all familiar. It need scarcely be said that the whole catalogue, in two such hands, is a model of exact and sensitive scholarship.



"HEAD OF CHRIST"; A HIGHLY-FINISHED STUDY FOR "THE POOL OF BETHESDA," BY SEBASTIANO RICCI (1659-1734), BY WHOM THERE ARE 211 DRAWINGS IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY IN THE FOLIO VOLUME MADE UP FOR CONSUL SMITH. (Black chalk; 10½ by 7½ ins.)

the Napoleonic armies were in being, Spaniards managed to work together in something like harmony, but no compromise was possible between the liberal-minded and those who regarded victory as sanctifying a return to a rigid authoritarianism. The very word "liberal" had much the same odious connotation as the word "Communist" has in America to-day, though with far less reason, and anyone suspected of sympathy with the

* "A Cycle of Goya's Drawings—The Expression of Truth and Liberty." By José López-Rey. With 134 Monochrome Plates. (Faber and Faber Ltd.; 70s.)

† "Venetian Drawings of the 17th and 18th Centuries in the Collection of her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle." By Anthony Blunt and Edward Croft-Murray. With 107 Monochrome Plates and 110 Text Illustrations. (The Phaidon Press; 63s.)

PICASSO CERAMICS; WATER-COLOURS; AND ALABASTER DISCOVERIES IN YORK.



(Left.)
"DOUBLE VISAGE"
A LARGE VASE IN THE
EXHIBITION OF
RECENT PICASSO
CERAMICS AT THE
ARTS COUNCIL GAL-
LERY. MADE IN c.
1952. (Height : 26 ins.)

(Right.)
"PEINTRE AU
MODELE, 1954," AND
"PIGEON SUR SON
NID, 1953" (RIGHT)
TWO FURTHER EX-
HIBITS IN THE PIC-
ASSO CERAMICS
EXHIBITION. (Height
of jug : 13 ins.)

Pablo Picasso, who last year celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, has made a contribution to almost every field of artistic creation. His recent work in the field of ceramics is widely illustrated in the Arts Council Exhibition, which shows some eighty pieces. This exhibition continues at 4, St. James's Square until May 18. The selection has been made by Picasso himself with the co-operation of Mr. Douglas Cooper. The earliest exhibit dates from 1948 and the most recent from the end of last year. Throughout this work Picasso has used his powerful imagination and he has experimented with a great variety of techniques.



"SMALL CRAFT," BY NORMAN WILKINSON, P.R.I.: IN THE CURRENT SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. (13½ by 20½ ins.)

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours was founded in 1804, and the current exhibition at 26, Conduit Street, W.1, which continues until May 23, is the 247th held by the Society. There are over 200 works by sixty members which show the high standards still achieved to-day in this medium.



"BREAK FOR COFFEE," ONE OF THREE WORKS BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., IN THE 247TH R.W.S. EXHIBITION. (22 by 15½ ins.)



"THE TRANSLATION OF ST. WILLIAM": FIGURES FROM A PANEL WHICH WERE AMONG THE MEDIAEVAL ALABASTERS DISCOVERED AT YORK ON APRIL 3. (Height of central figure : 14½ ins.)

On April 3, workmen digging in the Hungate area of York—on the site of the former "House of the Holy Priests"—discovered three mediæval English alabaster panels. Later two further panels and a figure were found. It is hoped that the cleaning and repair of these



"EDWARD I FALLING FROM A MOUNTAIN AND SAVED BY ST. WILLIAM": THESE ALABASTERS DATE FROM THE LATE 15TH OR EARLY 16TH CENTURY. (19½ by 15½ ins.)

important finds will be completed in time for their display during the forthcoming York Festival. These finds may make it possible to differentiate between the alabaster workers of York and those from the more important school at Nottingham.



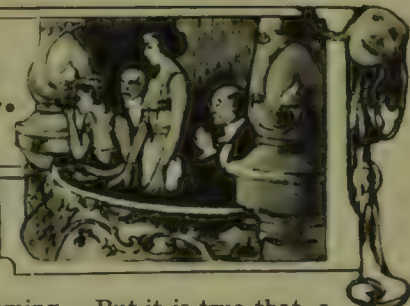
"THE VIRGIN IN GLORY": ANOTHER OF THE ALABASTERS WHICH ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT TO HAVE BEEN FOUND IN YORK FOR MANY YEARS. (Height : 21 ins.)



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A TALE OF THREE NIGHTS.

By J. C. TREWIN.



I AM remembering a performance, a production, and a personality. The performance is Sir Laurence Olivier's in "The Entertainer," one of the most astonishing feats of virtuosity—by the actor, not the dramatist—I recall; the production is Peter Hall's ordering of the surrealistic chaos of Tennessee Williams's "Camino Real"; and the personality is that of Sir Max Beerbohm, which comes, with gently mocking charm, through the musical play, "Zuleika." (This was suggested by his novel of "Zuleika Dobson," which, in its turn, was surely suggested by the works of Ouida.)

First, Olivier. When I last met him in the theatre, at Stratford-upon-Avon, he was adding to the permanent record of our stage. "I am the sea," cried the lamenting Titus in extremity; "look how her sighs do flow," and suddenly we felt the surge as it beat upon the shores of the world. Soon Olivier will be playing the part again. Meanwhile, at the Royal Court, he is the "entertainer" who gives his name to John Osborne's piece: a hollow, callous comedian of cheap revue, who, as Olivier acts him, becomes a character to stir the excited imagination.

John Osborne has framed the play; but the picture, the creation, is Olivier's. I am not excited by Archie Rice's family affairs. Mr. Osborne is no storyteller; and though I agree that there is more reason in "The Entertainer" than in the silly truculence of "Look Back in Anger," it is a thin enough business. I find this impossible to imagine without the presence of Olivier, George Relph, and Brenda de Banzie to hold it together. (It is not Mr. Relph's fault that the snatches of hymn-singing are so distasteful.)

I am concerned only with Sir Laurence's performance. Here is absolute mastery. We see Archie Rice both on the stage while he does his act, and in "digs," where he puts on the other act that is second nature to him. His life is false; it is the falsity, the terrible tentativeness, that the actor expresses with such triumphant art.

Consider his voice, his accent. It is a voice thickened by the rasping or bellowing of ballads, brazen or sentimental. It is a voice to remind one of cheap, flaking paint that cracks and blisters under the lights. It is the voice of a man who has listened to himself so long that he has ceased to hear himself. It is a voice that moves from tortured sub-gentility to a sudden lip-playing coarseness of tone. It is, in a fashion, a relative of the voice that Olivier used as Malvolio; and it is assumed without conscious effort. Listen to the actor as, subtly, he emphasises the wrong word, thrusts a sentence to its end on, perhaps, a nasal "him."

With the voice go Archie's tricks, the knowing smirk, the hutching and thrutching, the pawing, the microphone-mauling, the deplorable glibness of the buttonholing, "off-colour" comedian, that trivial, peacocking little man ("the peacock," says Max Beerbohm, "is a fool even among birds"), the one and only Archie Rice.

Olivier's treatment of the man's patter is as harsh a comment on a rag-tag comedian as his singing of the songs in an almost frightening pastiche of a ballad-bawler. At home his garrulous, gin-whetted egomania, his callousness, his blatant mechanical gagging, and—we realise—his self-knowledge of his humiliation, are fixed with a precision almost miraculous, fortified by the weary gestures, the slouch, the jagged rhythm of his speech. These could belong only to the man who is created before us with terrifying truth. We understand, too, that at moments the dire fellow can be smudgily likeable, with a mongrel's appeal. His frayed "flash-harry" professionalism is something that I shall never forget: it is a great performance in the least expected circumstances. Already, the play is blurred; Olivier's acting will endure.

It is long since Flecker wrote

White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born . . .

Our dramatists seem to be searching despairingly for the answer, and they make no golden journey to Samarkand: they go into their private nightmares. I had hardly expected Tennessee Williams to join the chain-gang. But here he is in "Camino



"HERE IS ABSOLUTE MASTERY. WE SEE ARCHIE RICE BOTH ON THE STAGE WHILE HE DOES HIS ACT, AND IN 'DIGS,' WHERE HE PUTS ON THE OTHER ACT THAT IS SECOND NATURE TO HIM": SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AS ARCHIE RICE, WITH DOROTHY TUTIN AS HIS DAUGHTER, JEAN, IN A SCENE FROM JOHN OSBORNE'S PLAY, "THE ENTERTAINER" (ROYAL COURT THEATRE).



"THERE IS CERTAINLY A PLACE FOR 'ZULEIKA.' MAY IT RUN AND RUN": A SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "ZULEIKA" (SAVILLE), SUGGESTED BY MAX BEERBOHM'S NOVEL, "ZULEIKA DOBSON," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH ZULEIKA (MILDRED MAYNE) MAKES HER FIRST "IMPACT" ON THE UNDERGRADUATES OF CAMBRIDGE.

Real" (Phoenix), a chaotic piece that, I confess, is having an effect on me now that I did not feel on the night. This is delayed-action like that (I write without reference) of the vodka upon Miss Matfield in "Angel Pavement." The explosion

is late in coming. But it is true that, a week after its première, "Camino Real" does trouble the mind—for its quality as a wild theatrical phantasmagoria rather than for anything the dramatist has to say.

The scene is the plaza of an unknown tropical seaport (Spanish-American). It is a scrofulous, vice-ridden world in which the spring of humanity has dried, and through which move, strangely and sadly, various shadows of the past, such failing voluptuaries as Casanova, Byron, and the woman, Marguerite Gautier, whom Browning called "the Frail One of the Flower." It is a play of the middle years, says John Whiting in a programme-note, "a play of the decision to be taken in the middle years." Outside the city lies the *terra incognita* of age. And so on. It seems to me that one is in danger of over-simplifying the sprawl. To himself Mr. Williams may speak clearly, but to how many others? This lack of lucidity is disastrous in the theatre. No dramatist has a right to baffle his audience; however fashionable it may be, a writer who fails to communicate is shirking his task. He is having his private fun or his private grief. So it is with Tennessee Williams. He has a powerful command of atmospherics; the play at their core needs crib and commentary for full understanding.

Believe me, there is nothing intellectual in vagueness, nothing important in uninhibited mystification. This said, we can agree that "Camino Real," as a production, is an experience. Peter Hall brings to us the strangeness and the terror of the limbo-world. The piece comes across as a sensuous, horrific ballet. The scene at the departure of the aircraft, the Fugitivo, is uncanny in its sense of nightmare. As Marguerite Gautier seeks desperately the passage we know she will never get, we feel as we do in dream when our desire is unattainable because we are clogged and fettered. The later colloquy between Casanova

and Marguerite has an aching wistfulness. Let Mr. Williams mean what he likes. The production, at least, does honour to our stage as a piece of technical accomplishment. Diana Wynyard, that invariably exciting actress Freda Jackson, Harry Andrews, and—though his part is grim—Denholm Elliott, act as well as the dramatist can hope. It is something of a victory over chaos.

Performance, production—and, now, the personality: the fastidious shade of Sir Max Beerbohm. The tones of that voice from Rapallo held for us the last enchantment of the Edwardian world; the Maxian sense of humour, civilised, elegant, is everlasting. His personality shines through "Zuleika Dobson," most wittily-caparisoned of satirical fantasies; Max is not lost in the stage version, simply "Zuleika." I think he would have been benevolent to the "mimes" who have ventured to bring to the Saville this musical play "suggested" by his book (Peter Tranchell's score, James Ferman's libretto).

It is an uretano piece. The music is a gay flutter. In Osbert Lancaster's décor Oxford lifts its spires and towers as Max surely would have wished; and the company keeps the mood. I will not say that Mildred Mayne, in her first London part, is wholly Max's enchantress who sends young Oxford to rapturous suicide in the Isis; but she is poised and spirited; David Morton is, resplendently, the Duke of Dorset who can outmatch anyone in Ouida; and I am sure that, for a long time, the town will be humming "Seventeen Years From Now," sung by Peter Woodthorpe—undeniably the light of the evening—as Noaks, the Yorkshireman, and Patricia Stark as little Katie.

"One reason why the place is irresistible," said Max, writing long ago of another theatre, "is that nowhere else do we feel that we are so far away, and so harmlessly and elegantly far away, from the realities of life." There is certainly a place for "Zuleika." May it run and run.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE LOVEBIRDS" (Adelphi).—Dora Bryan and Ronald Shiner in a fantastic farce. (April 20.)
"PLAISIRS DE PARIS" (Prince of Wales).—The new Follies revue. (April 20.)
"THE BALCONY" (Arts).—A new play by Jean Genet. (April 22.)
"TITUS ANDRONICUS" and "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS" (Old Vic).—Two early Shakespeare plays, horrific tragedy followed by farce. (April 23.)
"TROPICAL HEATWAVE" (New Lindsey).—Revue with "accent on colour." (April 23.)
"JANUS" (Aldwych).—Googie Withers and John McCallum in an American play by Carolyn Green. (April 24.)
"TEA AND SYMPATHY" (Comedy).—New Watergate Theatre Club production of Robert Anderson's banned play, with Elizabeth Sellars leading the cast. (April 25.)



NOW A MEMORIAL TO THE THOUSANDS OF VICTIMS WHO WERE BURNED THERE: THE FORMER CREMATORIUM AT DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP, NEAR MUNICH.



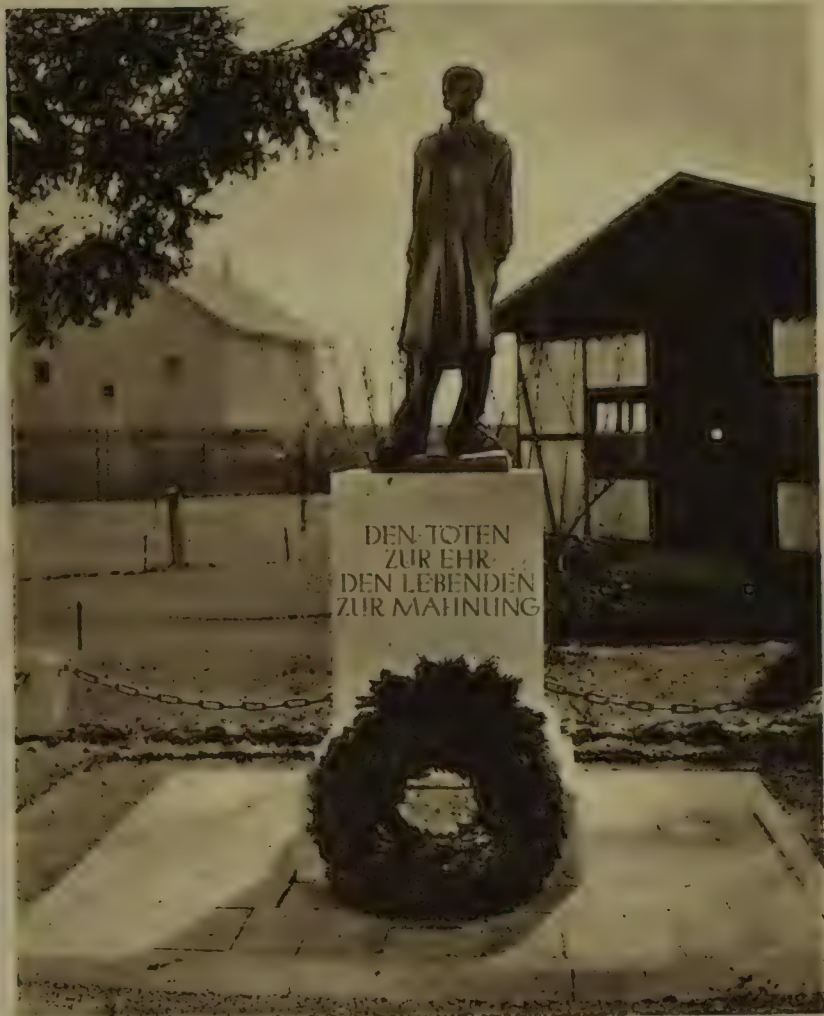
WHERE MASS MURDER WAS COMMITTED: SOME OF THE BRICK OVENS IN THE CREMATORIUM DECORATED WITH WREATHS AND FLOWERS.



ONCE MANNED BY THE GRIM WARDERS OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMP: TWO OF THE WATCH-TOWERS AND A STRETCH OF THE CAMP WALL NOW FALLING INTO RUIN.

Only eleven miles from Munich, in a stretch of picturesque country long popular with landscape painters, lies the town of Dachau, once an old market village and now a small town. Not far to the east of Dachau lies the concentration camp—one of the most notorious of the Nazi régime—the horror of which will be associated with the name of Dachau for ever. Here untold thousands of Jewish and other victims were ruthlessly exterminated—while many others have survived to bear the indelible memory of the days of terror spent behind the grim walls and watch-towers of the camp. For a period after the war the camp at Dachau was used to provide a home for hundreds

"TO HONOUR THE DEAD AND ADMONISH THE LIVING": DACHAU CAMP AS A MEMORIAL.



"TO HONOUR THE DEAD AND ADMONISH THE LIVING": A MONUMENT ERECTED AT DACHAU, WITH A BRONZE FIGURE OF A CAMP INMATE AND A STRIKING INSCRIPTION ON THE STONE BASE.



MARKING THE FORMER PLACES OF EXECUTION: TWO MEMORIALS—THE ONE BEHIND BEING WHERE THE GALLOWS USED TO STAND.

of displaced persons. Now—with the grim memories of war and Nazi brutality lessened by the passing of time—Dachau Concentration Camp has been further changed. It has become a memorial for the thousands of victims who died there—and several monuments and commemorative stones have been erected, some of them marking the very places where the executions took place. As a memorial, Dachau has been attracting a constant stream of visitors, thus achieving its second purpose of acting as a reminder to all-corners of the criminal horrors of Nazi brutality—and as a powerful warning to mankind of the depths to which man can sink.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

OF making many books there is no end—and so, whatever the subject, it is no use pronouncing one of them the last word and the conclusion of the whole matter. Into the bargain, one seldom feels like it. Yet I wonder how many will be able to read "The Trumpet Shall Sound," by H. M. Tomlinson (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), without an intense feeling that for England, it is or ought to be the last word on Hitler's war; the noblest possible summing-up of all that is most worthy to be remembered.

It is a story of the home front: or, you might say, not a story at all: certainly not an action-story. In Chapter One, nothing occurs but the black-out—with a nameless wanderer groping through an invisible suburb called Bewley Hill on a moonless night. But at that moment the experience of war looms up in its whole breadth and encloses us like an element. Thenceforth we are sunk in the war. Of course, the effect cannot be conveyed. It is done by style, which is to say magic: in this case, a wonderfully spacious, idiosyncratic and noble magic. Presently we become aware of a focal point. White Stacks, the home of the Gale family, was built in "aboriginal Surrey" in the year Queen Anne died. In those days it stood alone. Suburbia has crept up on it, but the Gales are still there. Sir Anthony, a man in authority: Lady Gale, an Arcadian and gracious silence: Uncle Nick, the robust eccentric: and the two young people—bright, desperate little Lucy, and her brother Stephen, reading his poets in bed, chafing for a gun, and trying to make sense of things. For these English, in the time of doodle-bugs and invasion, are not merely sunk in war; they are also proving it, in heart and mind. They see it as right and necessary; just the same, they see it as monstrous. Nothing will add up. . . .

And since England's war is the theme, not even the most transient figures are outsiders. The airman crossing the night sky: the man on leave, fetching his wife and child from a London crypt: the naval officer on the front at Budmouth: the old farmer and his wife up on the hillside—they all belong, while the sailor McLuckie, with his yarns of far away and long ago, not only belongs but is, to Stephen at least, a divine messenger. To the end nothing adds up, and for the young Gales literally everything has been wiped out. Yet they have reached an answer; not a new one, of course. From kindness and fidelity, the beauty of earth, the sense of an "unknown power," they derive the clue naively formulated in "Silas Marner"—"to do the right thing as far as we know, and to trusten."

OTHER FICTION.

"The Last Detachment," by Maurice Druon (Hart-Davis; 15s.), is also a war story: very much overdue, since it appeared in France in 1946, and a complete contrast to the English one. This is a young man's limited, and hence shallow picture of a very young man's personal and short war: He, too, like his group of boy-paladins, entered the famous Cavalry School at Saumur in the spring of 1940; only he has left himself out. First, there is the thrill and happiness of Saumur, of old tradition and swashbuckling, romantic day-dreams. Then a slight let-down; things rather drab at the moment, it was bad luck to come here during a war! When the fighting starts, they only hope it will last long enough. When the news goes bad, they don't even notice. Then suddenly they are "holding the line of the Loire," not as a school exercise, but in a *débâcle*, against impossible odds. And they fight like heroes; they have "saved the honour of the French cavalry." The tale is vividly told; the cadets are full of life, though more as a group than as individuals, and there are scenes of great pathos. But there is also this curious, and rather chilling archaism.

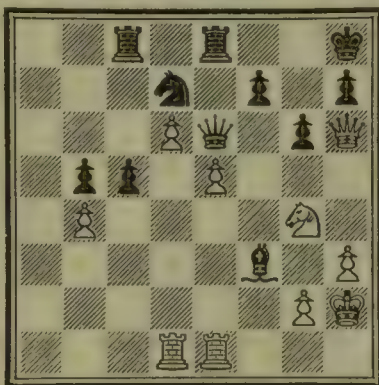
"The Master," by T. H. White (Cape; 15s.), is so up to date that it might be called science fiction. Its unprecedented scene is Rockall. Nicky and Judy, aged twelve, have landed there from a yacht with their father the Duke, their uncle the American Senator, and a dog called Jokey. While out of sight of their elders, the two children disappear—into the secret fastness of an incredibly old man, who is about to enslave the world by means of "vibrators" and thought-control. For its own good, to be sure. A very tough nut; a very stylish, whimsical and twopence-coloured adventure.

"Woman of Straw," by Catherine Arley (Collins; 12s. 6d.), seems to be French again, though its "heroine" is from Hamburg. Year after year, Hildegard Meisner has been searching the matrimonial column of a weekly paper—ignoring small fry, looking for the not-impossible winner. And here it is; a man of "considerable means" offers a "life of luxury." Hilde is not brainless; of course he will have some frightful drawback, but she can take it. However, it turns out that the position is not as she expected, and not nearly so disagreeable. Until . . . until the trap shuts. This is an elaborate and perfectly ruthless nightmare, brilliant in execution, though not very easy to swallow. At least, I was much puzzled by Hilde's tractability at the outset, and the legalities at a later stage.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE first of this week's positions was won by B. Spassky, the world's youngest official bearer of the title "grand master." The second was won by Edward Lasker, one of our most distinguished veterans. Each showed himself alive to the supreme value in chess of the unexpected.



Here Black had just played 33... BxKt, and not one player in a thousand would have hesitated for a moment in replying with 34. PxB. It is so obvious! But White was Spassky. I wonder whether you can find what he did play before looking below?



White to play. There are all sorts of good moves which might win (or might not—for Black is a piece up and, if given half a chance, will pull right out of his difficulties of the moment). Here the perhaps most unexpected move is really, when you come to work it out, the simplest. Well . . . ?

First position: 34. Kt-B6, Kt x Kt. Clearly forced, to prevent mate. In recapturing now, White attacks the queen and simultaneously threatens a new mate, so Black has no option on his next move, either: 35. P x Kt, Q x BP; 36. P-Q7. Suddenly, this venomous fork materialises out of nowhere. After 36... B-B3; 37. P x R(K8)(Q)ch, Black resigned.

Second position: 1. Q x Pch, B x Q; 2. R-B7ch, K-Q3; 3. Kt-Kt5ch, K-Q4; 4. P-B4 and mates. Black had no choice of moves whatever.

Oxford just cannot pull ahead in the annual Universities' match. Last year, they won and drew level. This year, their secret weapon (in the form of a prepared variation in the Sicilian Defence) recoiled on them, and it was the four games in which they did not use it, which enabled them to draw the match. The last time they led in the series was in 1878! The winners of this match now hold a solid gold cup of rather fabulous value for these P.T. days, presented by Miss Margaret Pugh.

only reply to Mr. Pine, as the Duke did to the gentleman who met him in the park, and said: "Mr. Brown, I believe?"—"Sir, if you believe that, you believe anything."

Lord Zetland has covered such a wide range in his diverse and well-filled life, that his memoirs cannot but make good reading. He now publishes them under the title of "Essayez" (John Murray; 28s.). "Essayez" is his family motto, but could not provide a better title for a book which carries the reader from Edwardian politics to the pro-Consular activities with which Lord Zetland's name, like that of his father, will always be associated. Autobiographies are perhaps not the main stuff of history, but they provide pleasing trimmings, and Lord Zetland's contribution should find a worthy place on the shelves of any library.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES; AND SOME BRITISH ARISTOCRATS.

STUFFED under the staircases and in holes and corners of the house that the great merchant adventurer Francesco Datini had left among his other worldly goods to his fellow-citizens of Prato, were found some 150,000 letters, over 500 account books and ledgers, 300 deeds of partnership, 400 insurance policies, and several thousand bills of lading, letters of advice, bills of exchange and cheques—the latter some of the first in the civilised world. These dated from the fourteenth century, when the son of a poor taverner had become, by the vigorous trading which is still one of the Tuscan accomplishments, one of the richest of citizens of the North Italian states. The Marchesa Origo has admirably brought the hard-headed, but perpetually worried merchant, and through him, his times, to life in "The Merchant of Prato" (Cape; 35s.). What a wonderful picture of the late mediæval civilised world it is! Young Francesco, as little more than a boy, went to Avignon when it was still the home of the Popes. There he laid the foundations of what was to be his great fortune. His mercantile empire extended throughout the whole of the Mediterranean world, from Barcelona and the Balearics at the western, to the Duchy of Athens at the eastern end. Francesco married a young wife, who had, like so many of the women at a time when they were supposed to be completely ruled by their men, her husband perpetually on the self-exculpatingly defensive. But apart from her demands that he should return home from his business trips, and his exact and exacting instructions as to how his household should be run, the picture of the mediæval Mediterranean world stands out with photographic clarity. Here is Francesco, who, Heaven knows, was Satan rebuking sin, reproving one of his kinsmen for his relations with a Moorish slave girl who was virtually running his headquarters in Majorca. Here again, we see the little island of Ibiza, now so much admired, and rightly so, by British tourists, a great *entrepôt* port, but regarded by his Tuscans as a place of intolerable exile. Wrote one of them: "This land is pestilent, the bread is bad, the wine is bad—God forgive me, nought is good! I fear me I shall leave my skin here." By any standard, this book is a valuable and delightful achievement.

When that most intelligent and able of British monarchs, Charles II, was safely returned to his throne, on one of the occasions when he discoursed familiarly with his Clerk of the Acts, Samuel Pepys, he described to him how he escaped after the Battle of Worcester and got safely to France. Pepys took down the King's account, and recorded it in the same shorthand cypher which he used for his diary. Now in "King Charles Preserved" (Miniature Books; The Rodale Press; 4s. 6d.) this exciting story is printed on its own for the first time. And what an exciting story it was, and how grateful lovers of history should be to Samuel Pepys for the diligence with which he recorded the King's words. Charles II's admirable sense of humour shines through the account. I like his gently sardonic description of a moment when he was in hiding and heard that "there was a rogue a trooper come out of Cromwell's army that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on. Upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it." This little book is charmingly illustrated by Maurice Bartlett.

One of the most famous and greatest of all Royalists was, of course, Montrose, whose whitening skull Charles II, when he came into Edinburgh, saw exposed after he had been done to shameful death. Mr. L. G. Pine devotes a large part of his "Tales of the British Aristocracy" (Burke; 15s.) to the great house of Graham. The editor of "Burke's Peerage" enjoys an occasional tilt at those who provide the raw material of the "Snobs' Bible." His latest book is no exception. While Mr. Pine likes to have his fun in a quiet "debunking" manner, the picture of Britain's history, as fashioned by her great men, is a delightful one. On one point, however, Mr. Pine is talking nonsense. Writing of the great Duke of Wellington, he says that "he had very little interest in women." The shade of the Beau must have snorted when it read this totally inaccurate statement! One can



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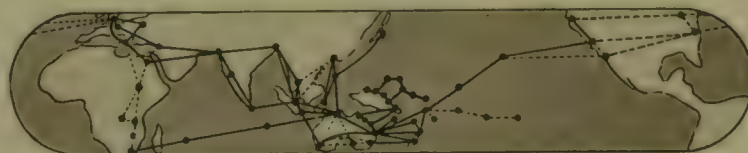
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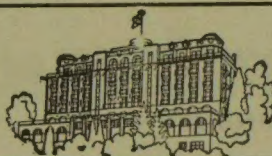
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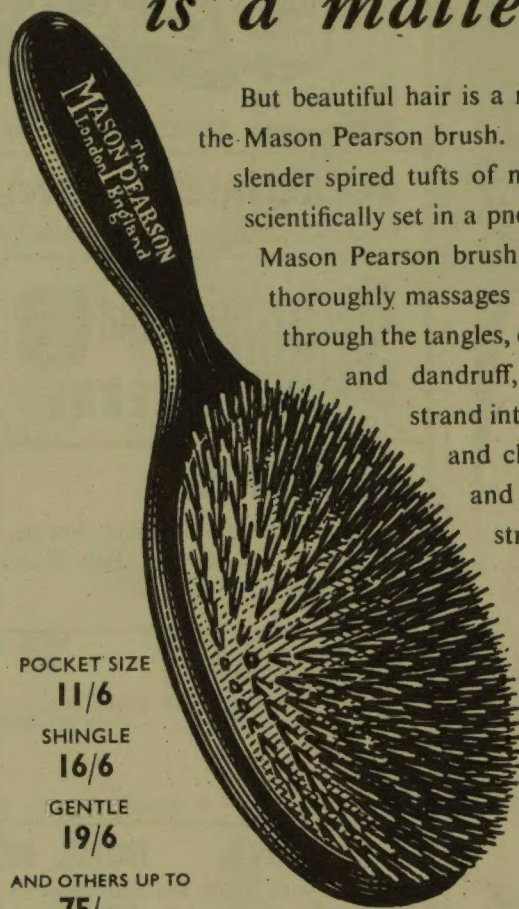
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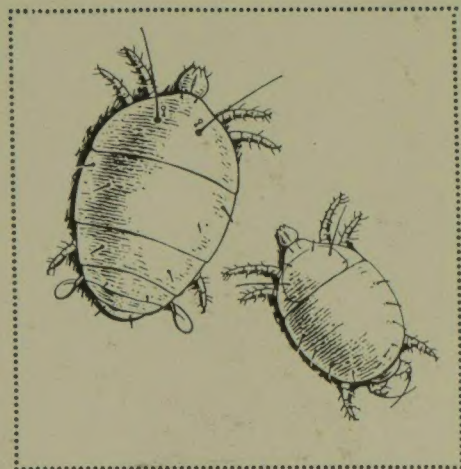
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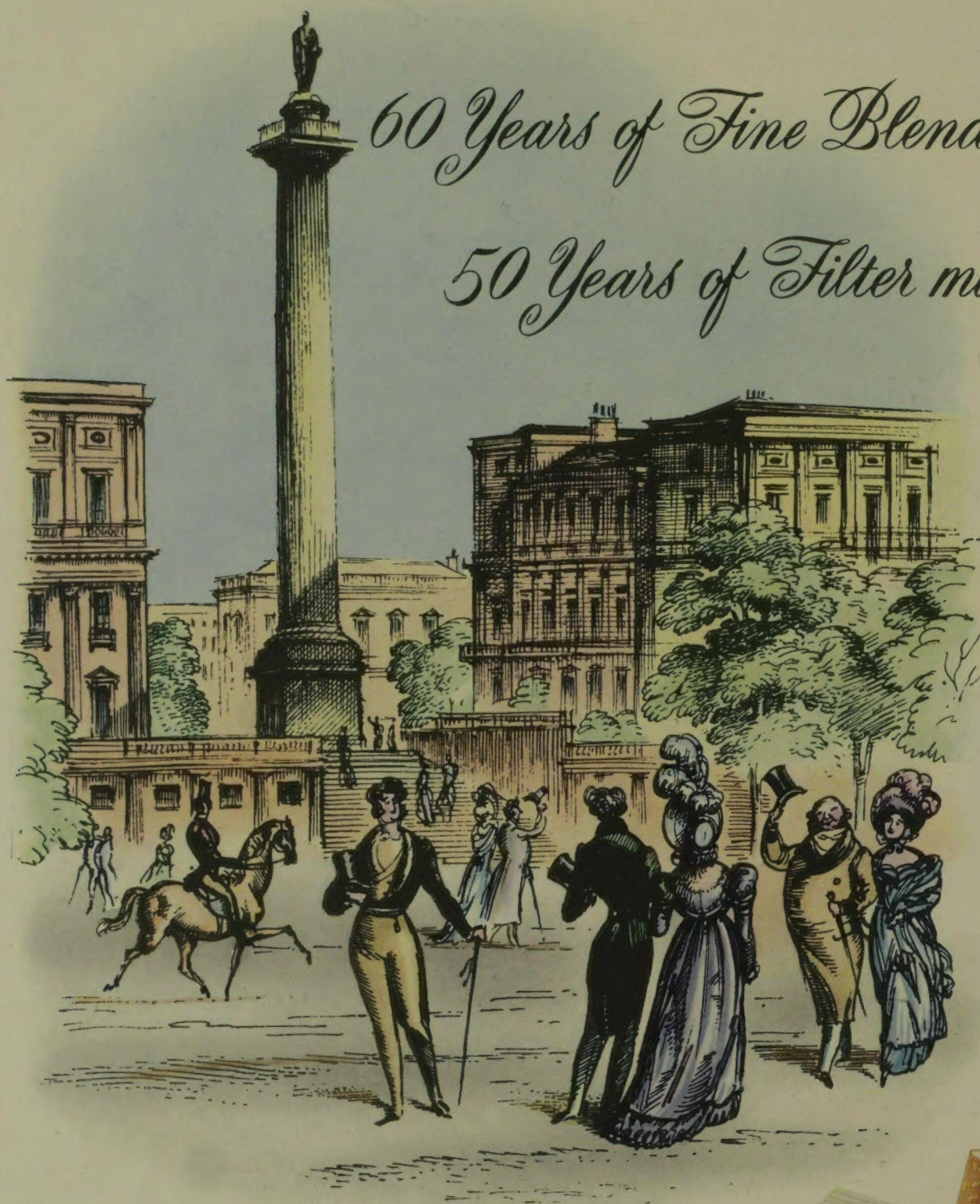
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